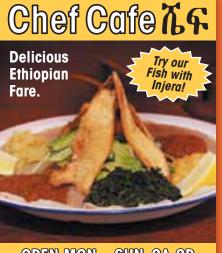
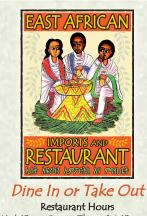
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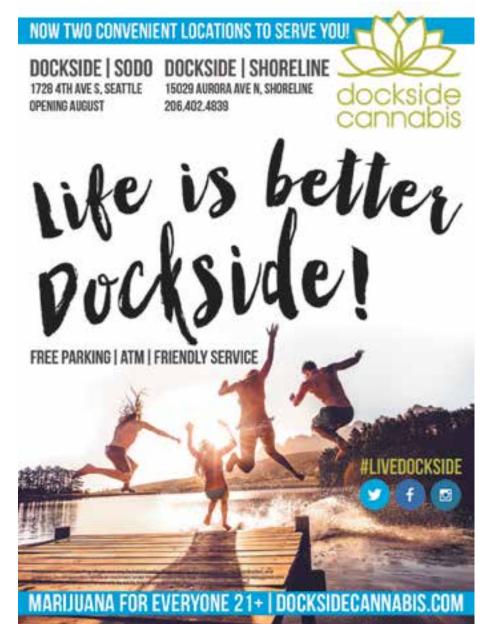
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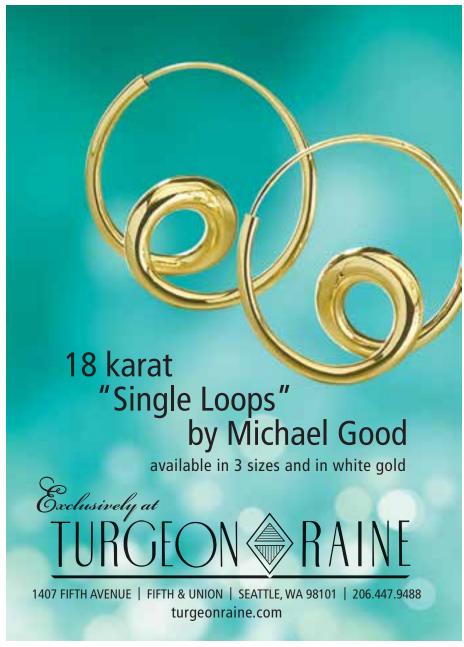
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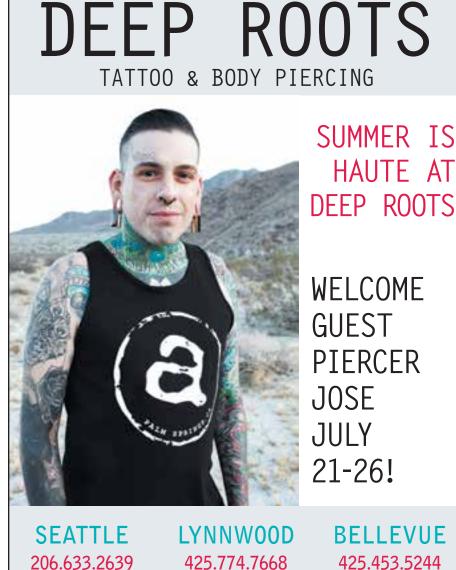
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the Strange

Volume 24, Issue Number 47 July 22–28, 2015



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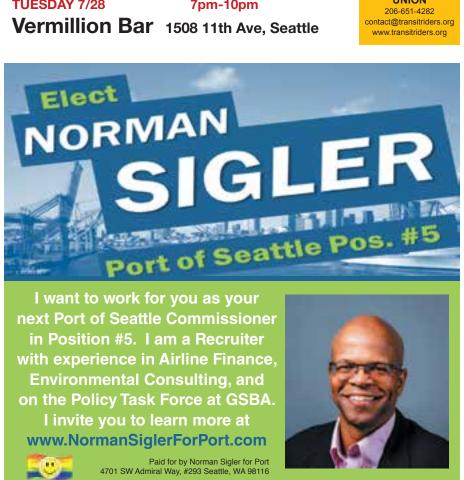
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MONDAY, JULY 13 This week of wellarmed lunatics, suspect suicide, and presidential denunciations of Bill Cosby kicked off in the great Northwest, where this morning three men entered a busy Fred Meyer store in Marysville, Washington, and stole a fully loaded ATM. Details on the swiped-in-broaddaylight cash machine and the men who did the

swiping comes from Marysville police: "They had a dolly and put [the ATM] up on the dolly, wheeled it out of the store, loaded it into a pickup truck, and drove off," Marysville police commander Robb Lamoureux told Everett's Daily Herald, which reports the getaway truck was



EASY PICKINGS

found abandoned this afternoon, while the men and their hot ATM remain at large.

TUESDAY, JULY 14 In much worse news, the week continued with a fresh name to add to the list of black Americans whose arrests were followed by sudden death: Sandra Bland, a 28-year-old civil-rights advocate who recently moved to Texas from the

(I, ANONYMOUS)

To submit an unsigned confession or accusation, send an e-mail to ianonymous@thestranger.com. Please member to change the names of the innocent and guilty



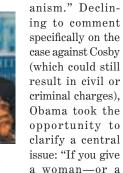
RIDE THE DUCKS? FUCK THE DUCKS.

Fuck the Ducks. Fuck your laughing. Fuck your leering. Fuck your happiness. I live on a boat near the public access ramp the Ride the Ducks vehicles use to enter Lake Union. I can stand on my front porch and see five at a time. The guides take their craft mere feet from my front porch. Are those tourists thinking about what an idyllic life has appeared before them? Well, in the great irony of tourism, their presence destroys the very thing they are trying to appreciate. Two years ago, I could take the joke. But their business has expanded so much that it is not EVEN funny. I can hear them coming ALL DAY. Like the ticking of Captain Hook's crocodile, the sound of a Ride the Ducks motor makes me tense, preparing for the extreme voveurism in which I am an unwilling participant. The people wave at me and honk their duck horns while the guide plays deafening music and casually talks about my dog and my kayak as if we were part of the scenery. Screw all of you. I hope you drown out there.

-Anonymous

Midwest after landing a job at Prairie View A&M University, a historically black university about 60 miles northwest of Houston. Last Friday, the Associated Press reported, Bland was pulled over by a state trooper for changing lanes without using her turn signal, after which she was ordered out of her car. She reportedly kicked the officer, resulting in her arrest on a charge of assaulting a public servant. Then came yesterday morning, when Bland was found fatally hanged in her jail cell. Today the Harris County medical examiner classified Bland's death as suicide, inspiring disbelief from her friends and family. "Anyone who knows Sandy Bland knows she has a thirst for life," said friend LaVaughn Mosley to Houston's KPRC News. "She was planning for the future, and she came here to start that future, so to say she killed herself is totally absurd." Bland's family has ordered an independent autopsy. Stay tuned.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15 In better news, the week continued with a press conference at the White House, during which President Barack Obama fielded a question about the calls to revoke admitted sex druggist Bill Cosby's Presidential Medal of Freedom. "There's no precedent for revoking a medal," said the president. "We don't have that mech-



UNAFRAID TO TALK RAPE

man, for that matter-without his or her knowledge a drug and then have sex with that person without consent, that's rape." (As if one bracingly sane presidential pronouncement on rape per week wasn't enough, today's address follows similarly themed statements Obama made yesterday at the NAACP National Convention in Philadelphia. "We should not be tolerating rape in prison, and we shouldn't be making jokes about it in our popular culture," decreed the leader of the free world. "That is no joke. These things are unacceptable.")

THURSDAY, JULY 16 In worse news, the week continued in Chattanooga, Tennessee, where today 24-year-old Mohammad Abdulazeez opened fire on a military recruiting center in a strip mall, and then plowed his car into a navy operational support center, inside of which he fatally shot four people, all of them marines, before being fatally shot by cops. "The military released the names of the four marines killed Thursday—Thomas Sullivan, a native of Hampden, Massachusetts; Squire 'Skip' Wells, a native of Marietta, Georgia; David Wyatt, a native of Burke, North Carolina; and Carson Holmquist of Grantsburg, Wisconsin," reported CNN, noting that US Navy petty officer Randall Smith will become the tragedy's fifth casualty when he dies of his shooting-related injuries on Saturday.

As for the dead killer: The Kuwait-born Abdulazeez was a devout Muslim who became a naturalized American citizen, and while his murderous actions might lead some to suspect ties to ISIS (either real or in his mind), it

The Stranger's Capitol Hill **Block Party Guide:**

The Only Capitol Hill Block Party Guide You'll Ever Need

he Capitol Hill Block Party he Capitor File Block began as a humble little neighborhood street fair. Over the past 15 years, it has blossomed into a full-fledged orgy of music, heat, food, and naked sweat-drenched flesh. If you've never been, or even if you have, it can be a lot to take in. But don't worry. The Stranger's Capitol Hill Block Party Guideavailable as a pullout in this issue or online at strangerthingstodo. com—has the complete schedule and details about every band, every solo artist, and every unclassifiable group of weirdos. If you're really overwhelmed by options, it's also got a list of the 10 sets you can't miss. So save your phone battery and keep



our handy pullout guide in your pocket. And if you don't have a pocket, keep it in your bag. And if you don't have a bag, keep it to yourself, man. I'm trying to watch the show!

seems Abdulazeez was more inspired by the all-American problems of depression, drug abuse, money troubles, and easy-access weaponry. Condolences to the loved ones of the slain service members, all of who had survived tours of duty in Iraq and/or Afghanistan before being gunned down at home. Ugh.

FRIDAY, JULY 17 Speaking of deadly massacres, the week continued in Colorado, where today brought a slew of guilty verdicts for 27-year-old James Holmes, the well-armed mentally ill man who fatally shot 12 people (and wounded dozens of others) at a 2012 screening of The Dark Knight Rises. "Jurors deliberated for a day and a half over whether Holmes was a cold, calculating killer or a man in the grips of a psychotic breakdown when he opened fire in a crowded movie theater almost exactly three years ago," reported CBS. "In the end, they found him guilty of all 165 charges he faced." Among those 165 charges were 12 counts of first-degree murder, which could land Holmes on death row. The trial's penalty phase commences next week.

SATURDAY, JULY 18 In creepier news, the week continued with a monumental addition to the wealth of evidence confirming Bill Cosby is the creepiest motherfucker to ever trick America into loving him. Today's source: the New York Times, which dug deeper into Cosby's recently unsealed deposition of 2005, when Cosby was sued by one of the many women who claimed to have been drugged and raped by the comedy star over the past 40 years, and happily held forth on his predatory sex and drugging habits. After mucking through the deposition's squirmy details, the New York Times offered a concisely damning portrait in an opening paragraph that should live forever as Cosby's epitaph: "He was not above seducing a young model by showing interest in her father's cancer. He promised other women his mentorship and career advice before pushing them for sex acts. And he tried to use financial sleight of hand to keep his wife from finding out about his serial

philandering." The Times continued: "Even as Mr. Cosby denied he was a sexual preda-



CLOBBERED

tor who assaulted many women, he presented himself

in the deposition as an unapologetic, cavalier playboy, someone who used a combination of fame, apparent concern, and pow- $\textbf{erful sedatives} \ in \ a$ calculated pursuit of young women-

a profile at odds with the popular image he so long enjoyed, that of father figure and public moralist."

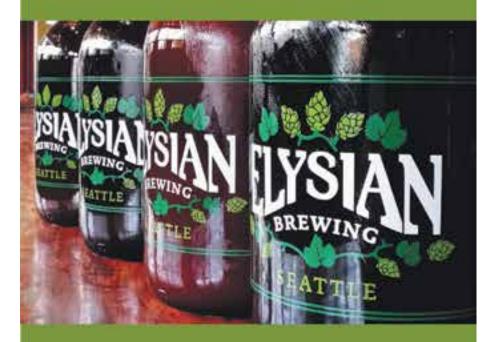
SUNDAY, JULY 19 Speaking of toxic 1980s relics, the week ended with Donald Trump, the ridiculous GOP presidential hopeful who one-upped his previous denunciation of Mexican immigrants as drug dealers and rapists by making fun of John McCain for acting like a war hero just because he survived more than five years as a prisoner of war in a North Vietnam. "[McCain is] not a war hero," said Trump yesterday at the Family Leadership Summit in Iowa. "He's a war hero because he was captured. I like people that weren't captured, okay?" Earning widespread scorn from military veterans and all decent humans, this latest conglomeration of feces to fall from Trump's mouth seems certain to ruin his political chances—but who knows? The way things have been going, Trump could denounce America's babies as insufficiently sexy and still rise in the polls. ■

 $Thank\ you,\ Donald\ Trump, for\ spicing\ up\ our$ job, but God help us if you get anywhere near the White House. Send hot tips to lastdays@ thestranger.com and follow me on Twitter @davidschmader.

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Finally, Momentum for **Greater Density and More Affordable Housing**

But the Mayor's Housing Committee "Grand Bargain" Does Little to Address Skyrocketing Rents in the Here and Now

BY ANSEL HERZ

people-who-hate-each-other-in-a-secretroom-and-make-them-work-things-out approach to governing gets results, and keeps Seattle moving along at a steady liberal clip.

The question, as always, is whether moving along at a steady liberal clip is sufficient to tackle "a housing affordability crisis unlike any Seattle has experienced since the Second World War," in the words of the report from the committee, officially known as the Housing Affordability and Livability Agenda

"I think there will be anxiety," said Murray when he announced the deal. "This is change.'

It's estimated that Seattle will welcome 120,000 new residents over the next two decades, increasing its population by nearly one fifth. This growth comes with "unimaginable new wealth" flowing into Seattle, according to HALA, wealth that is already changing the city in all kinds of ways—among them, hikedup rents and the construction of lots of new and expensive housing.
"Without vigilance," the mayor's commit-

tee warns, "we risk becoming a city accessible only to the affluent and privileged."

The Grand Bargain

After 10 months of meetings, HALA finally released a 76-page report that was not (thank god!) middling and vague and merely Seattle nice. It tackles racism and classism head-on. makes sweeping calls for different kinds of zoning and new regulations on developers, and strengthens protections for tenants. The

he long-awaited July 13 report from a committee tasked with solving Seattle's housing-affordability crisis is another big win for Mayor Ed Murray. Like it or not, his trap-

> report calls for the creation of 50,000 new housing units over the next 10 years, including 20,000 that are affordable at 80 percent of the area's median income level and below. (Eighty percent of area median income is \$57,000 for a family of two; affordable rent at that income level is \$1,434 a month for a one-bedroom.)

> At the heart of the deal is what the mayor calls a "grand bargain" between grassroots housing activists and big developers, which, for the first time, forces developers to build affordable housing into certain kinds of new units—an agreement the parties reached at the very last minute.

In the end, it was Council Member Mike O'Brien's councilsupported linkage-fee legislation—essentially a per-square-foot tax on new development used to fund affordable housing—that forced developers into the compromise, much the same

way that Kshama Sawant, last year, used the threat of a ballot initiative to push the minimum-wage committee to raise wages to \$15

"If everyone stays arm in arm," O'Brien told me the night before HALA announced the deal, "then the linkage-fee bill stays in the drawer." But, he warned, "What could happen is, six months from now, we have a disagreement on the numbers... And at that point, I'll run the linkage fee."

Throughout the negotiations, O'Brien insisted on a grand bargain that over the next 10 years would, at minimum, produce 6,000 new housing units that are affordable for a family of two making about \$43,000 annually (that's about \$1,075 in monthly rent for a one-bedroom). The agreement involves what's called "mandatory inclusionary housing/zoning" on all new multi-family units and mixed-use developments—a requirement that developers restrict rents to affordable levels in 5 to 7 percent of all new units in those buildings—as well as a linkage fee that only applies to commercial zones. O'Brien said he believes the deal creates more affordable units in the long run than a linkage fee applied across commercial and residential areas would.

So developers get to build more, and there are modest affordability requirements and taxes on that development. In exchange, developers agreed to drop two lawsuits challenging O'Brien's linkage-fee plans. One of those developers, Greg Smith, said he liked the deal "because we're all working together... It's the right way to approach the problem."

More Housing, More Density

Beyond the grand bargain, HALA came out swinging on density (that is, how densely together and how high housing should be constructed). Six percent of city land, in areas clustered around so-called urban villages in Ballard, Fremont, the U-District, West Seattle, and throughout Rainier Valley, would be up-zoned under the committee's proposals. Currently, 65 percent of the city is zoned for single-family homes, but HALA proposes changing rules in those areas, too, in order to allow for more duplexes, triplexes, backyard cottages, and so-called "mother-in-law" apartments—what the committee calls "lowdensity residential housing."

"To hold onto our values," said HALA committee member Alan Durning in an op-ed for Sightline, "we must let Seattle's housing stock change: physically. It'll become more like Amsterdam or Paris, less like Sammamish or 1978." These proposals have provoked plenty of angst, and the SeattleTimes is busy stoking it.

Tear Down This Parking!

HALA also opted to fight the good fight on parking, by recommending the elimination of all sorts of requirements to build parking spaces. Those rules make housing far more costly and difficult to build than it should be,

The mayor's committee

says we are in "a

housing affordability

crisis unlike any Seattle

has experienced since

the Second World War."

and they don't contribute to livable, walkable neighborhoods. committee said that the city should consider removing parking quotas for single-family homes and apartment complexes—and reducing or eliminating the 1:1 parking requirement for low-density resi-

dential housing types. "No one person's curb parking should be a reason to deny someone housing," Durning told me.

Naming Racism and Classism

"The city is actually incredibly segregated by race," said Mayor Murray when he announced the HALA report. "If you're a poor person of color, you're most likely being pushed out of the city." The report and the mayor argue that the majority of the city

is zoned for single-family homes in part because of the history of racial covenants that precluded non-whites from living in certain neighborhoods.

This has led to accusations that HALA "played the race card" or is calling all singlefamily homeowners racist. That's pure idiocy, of course. Seattle was and is highly segregated, with poorer people of color concentrated in the South End. Zoning, along with plenty of other factors, plays a role in that segregation.

"What we are saying is that the history of where and how people live in this city tells an important story," said David Wertheimer, one of the HALA cochairs. "That's a history that we need to continue to address, because it left us with a challenge that we need to do something about."

Stop Housing Discrimination

HALA wants to close loopholes that allow developers to displace residents without providing tenant relocation assistance (a sum that helps tenants transition from one apartment to another), create ways for Muslims who abide by sharia law to obtain home loans (they currently have few options), and stop rental applications from asking about a tenant's criminal history (a practice that disproportionately penalizes people of color and makes it difficult for ex-cons to find housing). All helpful stuff.

For Now, Though, Renters Are Still Screwed

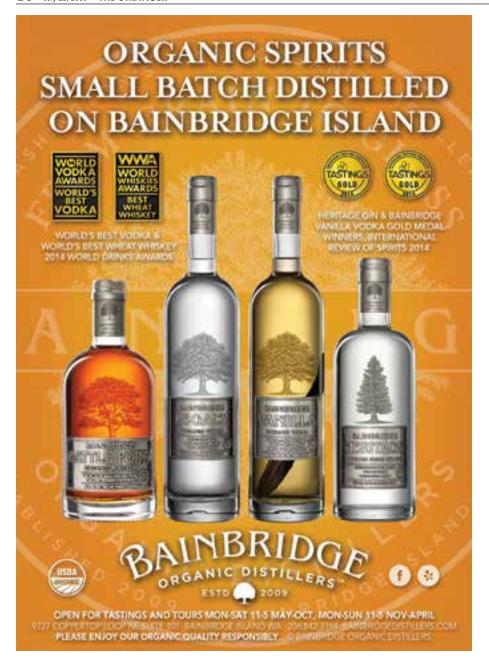
But HALA does virtually nothing on a systemic level to address the 52 percent of Seattleites who are tenants right now, many of whom are struggling with skyrocketing rents. The committee did not recommend rent stabilization (also known as rent control), even though a majority of the committee favored exploring the concept. An appendix of the report, under the heading of "rent stabilization," reveals that the HALA members voted 13 to 11 in favor of the proposition that "there are valuable options in regulating rents."

A note in the report said that because the vote didn't amount to a "consensus," it wasn't recommended. (It's not clear how the committee defined consensus, but clearly a slim majority was not a consensus to HALA.) Developers wouldn't budge on the question of rent stabilization, said Jonathan Grant, the former director of the Tenants Union of Washington State and a HALA member, and so the consensus process amounted to a de facto rejection of whatever big things developers didn't like.

That's a damn shame, because there's a 400-page 2009 study by Los Angeles of its own rent-stabilization ordinance, and what did it find? Rent stabilization isn't perfect, but it plays a critical role in protecting lowincome tenants and it should be kept in place. Getting HALA to throw its institutional weight behind at least some form of rent stabilization would have strengthened the movement to overturn the state ban on regulating rents. Murray and the city missed an enormous opportunity to move the body politic on that front.

Where We Go from Here

The city council intends to act fast and pass a commercial linkage fee by September, before budget season, in order to begin capturing revenue from new development. But enacting mandatory inclusionary housing, along with zoning changes-all of that could take up to two years.





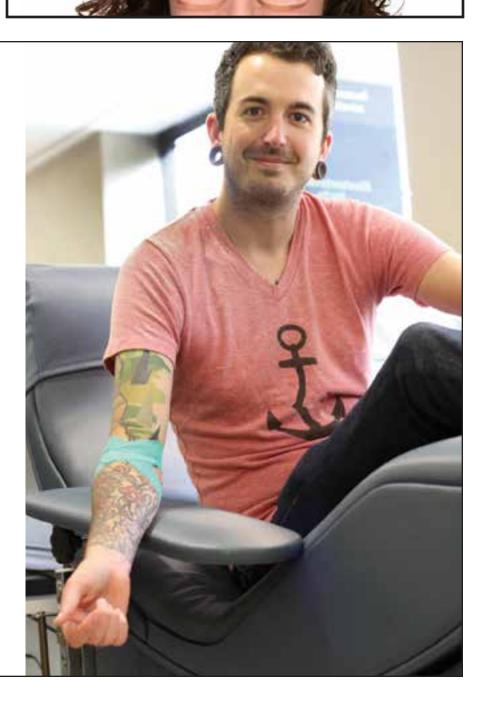


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Is John Okamoto Trying to Kill a Seattle Rent Control Resolution?

Nick Licata and Kshama Sawant
Worry Their Fellow Council Member
Is Intentionally Dragging His Feet on
Their New Rent Control Measure
BY HEIDI GROOVER

t's been six weeks since Seattle City Council members Nick Licata and Kshama Sawant introduced a resolution that would call on the state legislature to lift its ban on rent control. The council has yet to take a vote on the idea.

That's because the Licata-Sawant resolution is stuck in the hands of one guy: temporary council member John Okamoto.

Okamoto chairs the council's housing affordability committee, meaning he's entirely in control of that committee's calendar. When council members introduce legislation they want a vote on, the council president refers it to whatever committee is relevant. Then it's up to that committee's chair to schedule it for discussion. In this case, that's Okamoto. And six weeks in, he still hasn't scheduled the resolution.

Licata and Sawant both say they've asked Okamoto when he plans to schedule the measure and they're still not sure what's going on. Okamoto told Licata that because of all the things his committee needs to deal with, he wouldn't get to it until late August or September. Okamoto maintains that he isn't trying to kill the resolution. Licata says postponing it is "not acceptable." The council doesn't meet during the last two weeks of August, and then the budgeting process starts soon after that, consuming much of the rest of the year.

So now Licata is laying down a deadline. If Okamoto won't commit to scheduling the rent control resolution by early September, Licata will bring the legislation to the full city council. Like, now. At a crowded rent control debate at Town Hall on July 20, Licata said he'll soon push for a workaround by reintroducing the bill and asking the full council to send it to his committee, finance and culture, instead.

Okamoto isn't on board. He says in an e-mail to *The Stranger* that the Licata-Sawant legislation "falls squarely within [the housing affordability committee's] purview" and that "there's no reason it should be referred to another committee."

Why all the fighting just to *schedule* consideration of a nonbinding resolution? Licata is retiring after his current term is up at the

end of the year, so if the vote on the resolution gets pushed out too far, he may not even be around to usher it through. More importantly, he thinks this is all a shrouded attempt to doom the bill.

The consequences of

Okamoto's foot-dragging, Licata fears, will be to "kill this resolution by delay." He describes it all as "a practice I've seen in the past with other legislation." One example that's well-known to civic nerds: In 2014, Council Member Mike O'Brien tried to usher a public campaign financing bill through the council process in order to get it on the fall ballot. To

do that, he needed Council President Tim Burgess to put the bill on the council's calendar. Burgess refused. When O'Brien took it to the full council, the vote tied four to four, the bill didn't make it on the calendar, and the public lost a chance to vote on campaign finance reform.

From interviews, comments in public, and the statements of those incumbents who are running for reelection, we know a majority of the city council has expressed support for a resolution asking the state to lift its rent control ban. But it's a slim majority—five in favor, one opposed, and three who haven't made their positions clear. If a couple supporters,

like Jean Godden and Bruce Harrell, waffle in order to back Okamoto, Licata could lose the fight when the full council gets involved.

"I've seen this in the past with other legislation," Licata says. Still, Sawant says the council should capitalize on the political momentum that exists around rent control right *now*. (Even though a recent EMC Research poll showed little voter support for rent control as

a top priority when compared to a "broad based" approach.) "When there is momentum on the ground and people are engaged and feel like they want to push for a real grassroots movement for housing affordability, that's when we have to push," Sawant says. "If we delay, that's like killing any hope for anything happening."



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clear. If a couple supporters, **JOHN OKAMOTO** Killing it softly?



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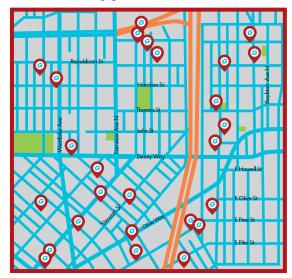




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BY STRANGER STAFF

YEAR'S CITY COUNCIL ELECTIONS As ballots for the August 4 primary began arriving in mailboxes, deep-pocketed political action committees were dropping big cash into Seattle City Council races. These independent expenditures—unfettered spending from groups separate from the campaigns—in council races had surpassed \$210,000 as of press time. Among them: the pro-business Chamber of Commerce's PAC has spent \$44,000 each supporting **Shannon Brad**dock in District 1 and Rob Johnson in District 4: the PAC for the Rental Housing Association, a group representing landlords, has spent \$10,000 each on those two races: and the anti-\$15 Washington Restaurant **Association** dropped another \$20,000 on Johnson. Plus, in North Seattle's District 5, the National Association of Realtors has spent nearly \$65,000 to support long-shot candidate Kris Lethin and the Northwest Tribal PAC has spent \$15,000 supporting Debora Juarez. HEIDI GROOVER

HEY, SPEAKING OF THOSE CITY COUNCIL ELECTIONS. WHO SHOULD YOU VOTE

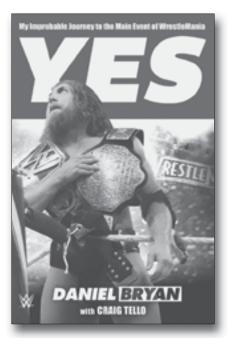
FOR? Two prominent advocacy groups announced city council endorsements in recent weeks, and notably, both skipped the high-profile District 3 race. That district, which covers Capitol Hill and the Central District, is where socialist incumbent Kshama Sawant is running for reelection. Both Equal Rights Washington and NARAL Pro-Choice Washington said the four serious contenders in that race were just too damn good to pick one to endorse. Which seems, uh, convenient. It's especially suspect for ERW because its former director Rod Hearne is running. Hearne has been stumbling on the campaign trail, so endorsing

him would have been just as awkward a choice as passing him up for someone else. You know who did endorse in District 3, though? The Stranger! Find our full endorsements online—or, if you're a lazy democracy-hating monster, a cheat sheet is right down there at the bottom of this page. REMEMBER: Your ballot is due in a drop box or in the mail by August 4. **HEIDI GROOVER**

BERTHA TUNNEL WON'T BE DONE UNTIL 2018 First it was December 2015. Then November 2016. Then August 2017, And now... March 2018! Bertha's contractors, Seattle Tunnel Partners, now estimate that the world's largest bored tunnel project will finally be complete in 2018, more than two years after it was originally scheduled to be finished. STP will spend October and November retesting repaired Bertha in the ground, with and without backfill, before starting Bertha's gears again on November 23. What does that mean? The Washington State Department of Transportation now acknowledges that Bertha was essentially a prototype—which is a little surprising, since prototypes usually stay in the lab until their ability to actually perform a task is proven. Now STP will basically be turning the waterfront into a laboratory in which they'll try to replicate factory-floor and soil conditions to make sure the refitted machine can tunnel under 8.187 more feet of downtown Seattle. And how confident can we be that any of this is going to work this time? Who knows. This spring, the state deleted a three-person oversight panel dedicated to pretty optimistic annual reports on Bertha's progress. Now we're operating with less information than ever.

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For the August 4, 2015 Primary Election

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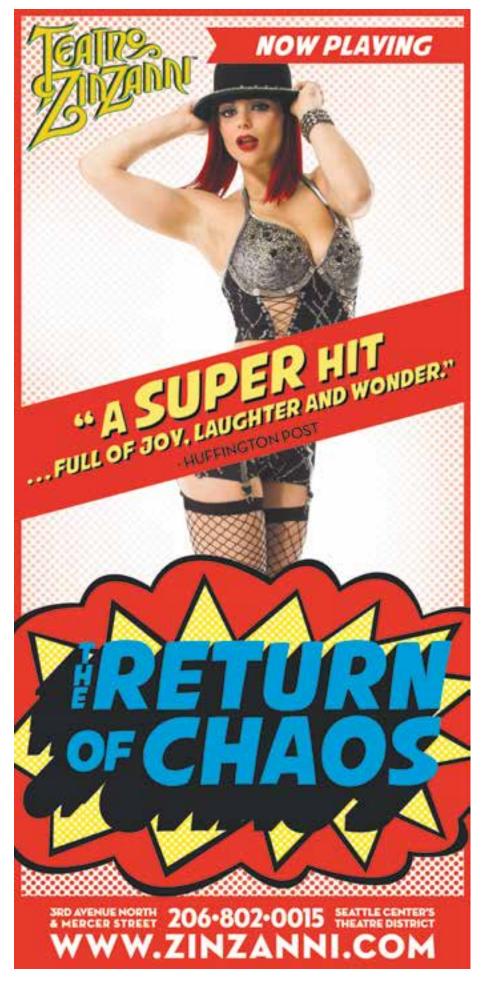
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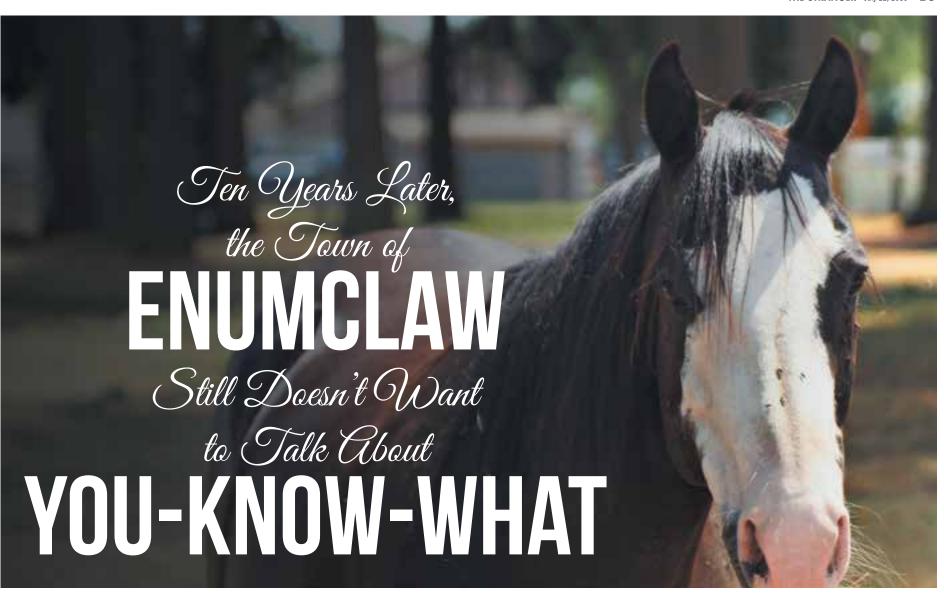


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Revisiting the Rural Community Where a Man Died Having Sex with a Horse

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

arly in the morning of July 2, 2005, an unknown person abandoned a man in the emergency room of the Enumclaw Community Hospital. The man who'd been dropped off did not have a pulse. Attempts to revive him failed. The police were called to investigate the mystery. Video footage revealed the license-plate number of the vehicle that brought the dead man to the hospital. The number led authorities to a farm on a street I am not going to name, a street that ends at the gate of a home. On the other side of the gate is a private road shaded by towering poplars. South of the farm is a field of grass and scrub. In the distance $\,$ is a flowing glacial river whose course marks the end of King County and the beginning of Pierce County—the White River. Beyond that, the base of the great volcano.

Police soon figured out that the man at the hospital had died after having anal sex with a horse.

Two weeks later, on July 15, 2005, a reporter at the Seattle Times, Jennifer Sullivan, broke the story: "Enumclaw-area animal-sex case investigated."

As Sullivan remembers it now, the spokesperson for the King County Sheriff's Office at the time, John Urquhart,

released a "vague press release" about a recent death. "I don't believe the news release said anything about bestiality." Sullivan recalls. So she called Urguhart, and he told her that "a man died while having sex with a horse."

The next day, Sullivan's readers learned about the circumstances of the death, that the King County Medical Examiner's Office had ruled it as accidental, and that the po-

Had the temperature been as hot on the farm as it was 10 years later, he might not have messed with that deadly horse.

lice could not charge anyone involved in the incident because bestiality wasn't illegal in Washington State. Animal abuse was illegal, but it didn't seem to be the case that the horse had been abused. (The goats, chickens, and sheep on the farm were being checked for abuse.) Seattle Times readers

also learned that the farm had a reputation on the web as a destination for people whose sexual needs are mostly or only satisfied by livestock. On July 16, Sullivan reported that the police had not only watched multiple videotapes of men fucking horses in a barn, but also a video of the fatal encounter: the unnamed man being mounted and destroyed. Also reported was his age, 45 years old, and the official description of his death: "acute peritonitis due to perforation of the colon."

Eventually, the name of the dead man surfaced, Kenneth Pinyan. As Sullivan tells me, his relatives had tried to suppress it. "I recall meeting with Mr. Pinyan's relatives in a parking lot south of Tacoma one or two days after the initial story ran, and they asked me not to run Pinyan's name in the paper." Sullivan didn't run it, but everyone else did. Also revealed was Pinyan's recent move from Seattle to Oak Harbor, his occupation (an engineer at Boeing), and details about his family life (he was once married and was a father).

Much has changed in the world since Pinyan's painful departure (peritonitis is no picnic), and since my firstever visit to Enumclaw, which was in 2006, to write about what had happened. We now have laws against bestiality in Washington State. We now have a black president. Our troops in Iraq have come home. We have been through the worst economic collapse since the Great Depression. A tsunami resulted in the meltdown of three nuclear reactors in Japan. Bill Cosby is no longer America's father but an alleged serial rapist. The climate is really changing.

Indeed, that was the first thing that struck me when I reentered Enumclaw last week, after nearly a decade, and drove down the street to the notorious barn. The lush ▶



This sign used to have a stallion painted on it.



The Branding Iron Cafe was closed when I visited, but its doors were not locked.







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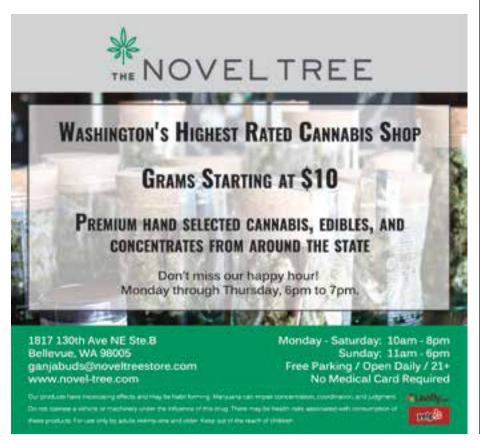
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■ green grass of the past was mostly gone. Much of the fields and lawns and the farm where Pinyan was fatally penetrated are brittle, brown, desiccated.

The highest temperature in Enumclaw on Pinyan's last full day on earth was a very pleasant 64.9 degrees, with a low of 48 degrees. Ten years later, the same date in Enumclaw was a scorching 90 degrees—26 degrees above the historic average for that day—and temperatures remained that high (in the 90s) for days. Had the temperature been as hot on the day Pinyan visited the farm as it was exactly 10 years later, he might not have messed with that deadly horse, known to his sexual admirers as Big Dick. Sex with another human is bad enough in 90-degree heat, but the idea of a whole horse-with its hot hair, steaming sweat, and blasting body heat beating down on your back relent-

Horse fuckers are not easy to detect in a community of horse lovers.

lessly-might have been enough for him to consider another, less thermal distraction that fateful night.

After admiring for a moment the great clouds that had gathered around the peak of Mount Rainier—the barn where the fucking happened also had a view of this kind of natural beauty—I noticed that Kelly O, the photographer with me, was, in an effort to get better and better pictures, standing on the property once owned by Big Dick's former owners. This made me nervous not because there were warnings about trespassing on this property, but because I fear country people and their guns. Whenever I go to rural America, or places close to it, like Enumclaw, I can't help but feel and fear that every home is owned by a God-loving, tax-hating citizen with an AR-15. For these types of people, the United States only begins where their lawns end. And you best believe that. Registering my concern, Kelly O took a few steps back and resumed taking pictures from the border of the United States of America.

On the property, there used to be a sign with a drawing of a proud and handsome stallion. This is another thing that had changed: Now the sign was white and blank. Someone had painted over it.

Despite that change, and the changes in climate, and the replacement of the old hospital Pinyan was dumped at (Enumclaw Community Hospital) with the newer Franciscan St. Elizabeth Hospital, for the most part, the town was much the same as the last time I saw it. Horses are still very popular here. You find them in fields, lawns, and also art—painted on barn doors, drawn on garages, printed on posters. If you want to really love horses, Enumclaw is still the best of places to go. Indeed, that is the reason I believe the whole town failed to detect the deviations of Pinyan and his friends. Horse fuckers are not easy to detect in a community of horse lovers. Even the owner of the animal that decimated Pinvan's insides had not the faintest idea of what Pinyan and his circle were up to. The neighbors were also as clueless, as I was told by an elderly man in an Enumclaw dive bar.

He was playing a touch-screen game and enjoying a cold beer on the day Kelly O and I arrived last week. He was 78 but looked not a day over 65. He retired years ago. He offered advice about how much money you needed to retire comfortably in Enumclaw. He said his sister lived next to the sex-death barn. "She couldn't believe when she heard it on the news. They were doing that right next to her house and she never saw a thing," he said.

The shock the citizens of Enumclaw experienced upon learning of the horrible things that had been happening right under their noses was of the magnitude you'd expect from people who had been informed that the cows they passed by every day (cows are also in abundance in Enumclaw) were in fact not cows but area grandparents who had been transformed into that appearance by the spell of some wicked witch.

Also still open in Enumclaw after all of these years: Mike's Western Suppliers and CL Western Apparel on 436th Street (family owned since 1983) and the Branding Iron Cafe, also on 436th Street, which serves coffee and hearty dishes to the men and women buying and selling cows and horses in the Enumclaw Sales Pavilion. Pinyan came here numerous times with his circle on Saturdays, when the place was open between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m., and on Horse Sale Sundays, when the cafe closed only when the last horse sale was over. When I visited the place in 2006, it was busy with people eating American foods, whose fried smells mingled with the pungent smell of horse piss. \boldsymbol{I} talked with the waitress about Pinyan and the alleged leader of the barn crew, and she told me people were mighty angry at them. They brought a bad light to the close relationship many had with their animals.

When I walked into the Branding Iron Cafe 10 years later, I was surprised to find that the place was closed and no one was working (I'd forgotten it's open only on Saturdays and some Sundays), but its doors were not locked. Bright summer light streamed through the windows and illuminated the drawings of horses and pictures of John Wayne on the wood-panel walls. The models of horse-drawn carriages on wall shelves seemed ghostly in this midafternoon emptiness. I could not help but feel the decade-old after-presence of those horse fuckers in the midst of this horse heaven for horse dealers.

later called the Branding Iron Cafe on one of the five days it is open during the month. The phone rang until a message machine informed me it was full and that should have a nice day. Was the business dead? I called the main office of the Enumclaw Sales Pavilion, which houses the Branding Iron, and this time a person answered. It was a young woman.

I explained that I had first visited the place not long after the horse-fucking incident in 2005 and had also stopped by there a few days ago in the hope of learning how the town was coping after all of this time. The most accurate temperature of the town, I believe, is to be taken at Branding Iron Cafe. Had Enumclaw recovered? Was the dirty death still a big deal? Had the anger of the equestrians not cooled? To my surprise, the young woman did not know what I was talking about. "What do you mean?" she said.

I jogged her young memory: Pinyan was the man who got fucked to death by a horse at a farm not far from the cafe.

"Yes, right. That guy."

I asked if the town still talked about him.

"No. It doesn't."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes, I am."

"No one mentions it?"

"No one talks about it, yes."

"So the town has moved on?"

"It has."

"You have never heard anyone discussing it in the cafe?"

"No one."

"The horse dealers, while buying horses at the auction?"

"Nope."

"You do not talk about it?"

"I don't. I have never talked about it with anvone."

"Is the breakfast good at the cafe?"

"Yes, it is."

What surprised me was how calm and

unmoved the Pavilion employee sounded. My interest in the lurid matter had no effect. Her wall of defense was so secure and uniform. She kept the same tone and was of one mind.

This hard attitude, this implacability, was not exceptional. I also noticed it in the hospital administrator I spoke with last week. I was trying to confirm if the hospital was the place Pinyan was dumped in 2005—I could see that something about the building was different. The administrator told me she had never heard of Pinyan. I also jogged her memory: "He is the guy who died because a horse penetrated his anus." The jogging went nowhere. She refused to recognize the worldfamous incident. All she would tell me is that anyone who died in 2005 did not do so in this hospital. St. Elizabeth Hospital, she informed me, opened in 2011. The other one, Enumclaw Community Hospital, closed the same year and used to be across the street. Anyone who died in a hospital in 2005 died there. As for Pinyan's records, I could not obtain them because he was not a criminal. He obeyed the laws of the state as they existed then.

While leaving the Branding Iron Cafe, I passed the notice board outside, where I was informed that a horse was missing. Back in Seattle, cats and dogs are the kind of pets that appear on missing flyers. And with good reason: They are not big, but the city they live in is. An entire lifetime can be spent in Seattle without ever seeing a flyer for a missing horse, but out here on the perimeter, it takes only a day's stroll to come across one. Yes, a whole horse had vanished without a trace. The owner, a woman who lives in Elbe, said on the flyer that the animal, which was 5 years old when Pinyan died, disappeared in the wilderness. The owner is hoping that someone in Enumclaw, a horse-loving town, has seen the massive thing. His name is Dino. He has four white socks.

With the region's economy heating up again, hints of gentrification can be found in Enumclaw's main street area, such as a "modern-day general store and coffee house," Plateau Wines, and so on. And there are lots of developments in the pipeline. But for the most part, the main street has remained intact and would be instantly recognized by Pinyan if he returned to haunt the place. The traffic is still sleepy. The occasional cowboy crosses Railroad Street with the old folks who moved here to make financial sense of their retirement packages. One of these fine Enumclawians must once in a while think about Pinyan. He was a big deal.

"The town wants to forget all that," said the elderly man I met in the dive bar. And even he had forgotten about the incident. He was completely confused when I first brought it up. I had to jog his memory also: "You know, the guy who died getting fucked in the ass by a horse."

This time there was success: "Ahh, right. That guy. Wow." $\,$

The conversation along these lines was not long. The old man wanted to talk about other things, about the increasing number of Microsoft retirees settling in town and his hope that developers would build a huge apartment complex just east of Enumclaw.

If the ghost of Pinyan were to haunt any part of his last world, I'm sure it would be the street where the barn still stands. I can easily picture him at night drifting up and down the street and also circling the sign that's now painted ghostly white but once had a drawing of a proud-headed stallion. As Pinyan circled the empty sign, his barely perceptible presence might be detected by a super-sensitive dog in a nearby yard that flies the American flag. The dog erupts in barks. Its alarmed owner looks out of a home window and finds nothing but summer air. The hound is ordered to quiet down. The curtains are closed. ■

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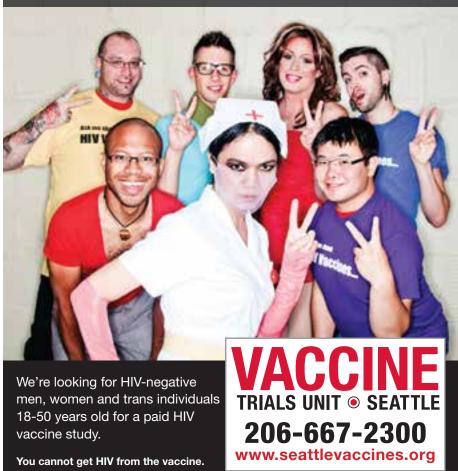
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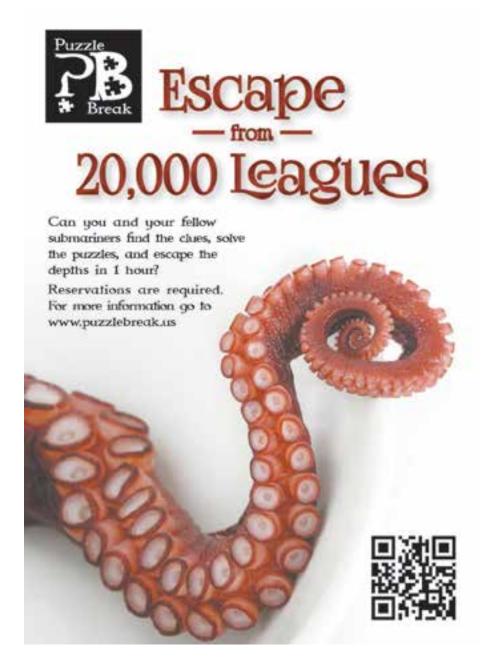




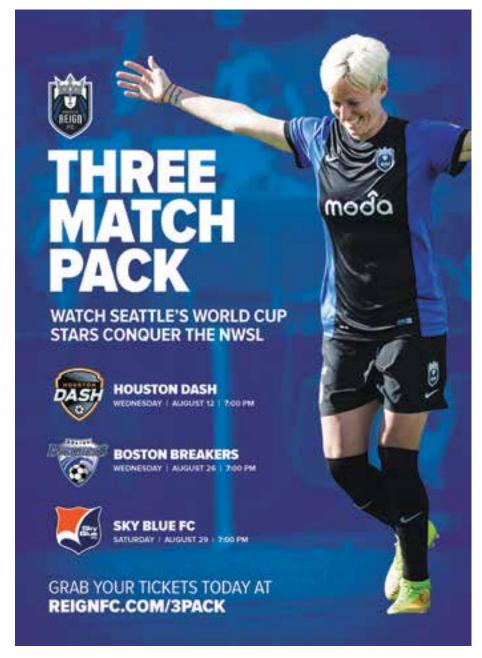
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STRANGERSUGGESTS SO MUCH MORE AT THE STRANGER. COM/EVENTS



'Antigolf' Release Party

This is going to be one of those readings where the audience will laugh very hard, but at different times. James Gendron's soothing voice somehow makes his associative jokes funnier, more unexpected. Willie Fitzgerald's humor lies in the kinds of objects he chooses to describe, which at first seem random but end up anchoring the story. Sarah Galvin is the funniest poet anyone has ever met. The headliner, John Colasacco, is the author of Antigolf, a book of poem-y/prose-y pieces that establish flat, nearly boring worlds from which sudden wildness springs. (Vermillion, 1508 11th Ave, vermillionseattle.com, 7 pm, free) RICH SMITH

'Girlfriends'

Before she engulfed 1980s television in a ball of flames, Melanie Mayron starred in Claudia Weill's wry, understated feminist indie about a young photographer with a brain and a fantastic mop of curls trying to navigate friendship, romance, and artistic compromise



in pre-gentrified downtown New York City. Despite having served as the template for Lena Dunham's Girls (Weill directed an episode in season two), this sadly **obscure treasure** remains very hard to see. Tonight, Stranger Genius Award nominee Scarecrow Video screens it in their screening room for free. (Scarecrow Video, 5030 Roosevelt Way NE, scarecrow.com, 7 pm, free) SEAN NELSON

Capitol Hill Block Party - MUSIC

The expansion of what was once a cute little makeshift outdoor show into a gargantuan orgy is a little overwhelming, but don't let anyone tell you it isn't a staggeringly good bill (see: Shabazz Palaces, TV on the Radio, Kinski, Wye Oak, Gazebos, the Kills, Father John Misty, etc.). Make sense of it with our complete **pullout guide** in this issue, and online at strangerthingstodo.com. (Pike St and 12th Ave, capitolhillblockparty.com, \$50 one day/\$125 three-day pass, some stages 21+, July 24–26) SEAN NELSON

'Mectoub' - ART

The full title of Scarlett Coten's series of photographs taken over the last three years is Mectoub, in the Shadows of the Arab Spring,



which suggests that her pictures are political and historical documents, and in some ways they are. Coten is a French woman who takes pictures of Arabic men, and she and her subjects toy with the male gaze and the history of "Orientalist" painting. But while one man vamps, the next looks intently, earnestly. Each man responds to the camera in a personal

way, making the series layered and complex, not just pretty. (Mariane Ibrahim Gallery, 608 Second Ave, marianeibrahim.com, 11 am-6 pm, free, through July 25) JEN GRAVES

Hello Kitty's Supercute Friendship Festival - CUTENESS

Yeah, I know. Hello Kitty is played out, and involves some troubling psychosexual signifiers. However, I'm not sure you're fully aware that this event



involves a giant stage spectacular with grown humans dancing in Hello Kitty®, My Melody®, Badtz-Maru®, Keroppi®, Chococat®, Dear Daniel®, and Pompom Purin® costumes. It's like Ice Capades without the ice. Tickets start at \$20, but if you're willing to shell out \$200 for the Platinum Bow Package, you get to meet "at least five" characters for a photo op and you get a tote bag. (ShoWare Center, 625 W James St, Kent, 2 pm, \$20-\$200, July 24-26) SEAN NELSON

Hack the CD

Tech is a notoriously white-male-dominated industry, and as Seattle's tech sector continues to boom, many people of color are being left out. Hack the CD aims to change that disparity by bolstering African American entrepreneurship, specifically in the Central District. The threeday Hack the CD Cultural Innovation Conference invites participants of all ages, regardless of educational background, to develop their start-up ideas—whether semi-formed or barely half-baked—through networking, mentoring, and partnerships. The conference culminates on Sunday with a free presentation of the work completed that weekend, plus an after-party. (Langston Hughes Performing Arts Institute, 104 17th Ave S, hackthecd.org, 9 am, free, July 24-26) KATHLEEN RICHARDS

Anthony Bourdain

Most people will show up to the Paramount Theatre to hear "culinary bad boy" Anthony Bourdain speak lustily about pork, swear a lot, and recall the time he ate a

beating cobra heart. This is what Bourdain is most known for, but

the best (and most radical) thing about him is actually the humble curiosity he brings to the cultures he explores through food. I got bored of hearing Bourdain swear 10 years ago, but I never tire of hearing him, after taking a bite of a dish in some far-off place, look the cook in the eye and say, "Thank you." (ParamountTheatre, 911 Pine St, stgpresents.org, 7:30 pm, \$55-\$246, all ages) ANGELA GARBES



Chow Down



Rainier Avenue South is a magical place for eating and

drinking—a place where you can get Ethiopian injera, Neapolitan pizza, Kenyan goat, Peruvian roast chicken, and craft beers—sometimes all under the same roof. Chow Down, a restaurant-and-bar crawl through Columbia City and Hillman City, gives you the chance to taste the many cultures found in those neighborhoods.



Even better: Proceeds benefit the Rainier Valley Food Bank, ensuring everyone in the neighborhood is well fed. (Columbia City/Hillman City, chowdown-rvfb.com, 5-9 pm, \$50) ANGELA GARBES

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ART & PERFORMANCE

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New Blood for an Old Icon

Michelle Handelman's Irma Vep, The Last Breath Adds Gender Subversion and

Class Critique to a 100-Year-Old Anagram

BY JEN GRAVES

rma Vep was born fully formed in 1915, a woman who was never a girl, a gangster whose name was an anagram for "vampire," and a popular enigma whose mouth had two meanings: Lips closed, she had a secret; mouth wide, she was ready to suck the life out of everything. She terrorized the upper class.

Wearing a black bodysuit, Irma Vep was shifty and slippery, infiltrating upstanding drawing rooms to plot robberies and murders. In an era when proper women wouldn't be caught dead acting or writing, Irma Vep—the vamp—was a perfect representative character for Musidora, the woman who played her. As a writer, dancer, journalist, actor of stage and screen, director, and producer, Musidora wielded a degree of control in her life and work that is still rare for a woman now, a hundred years later. If Irma Vep/Musidora shifted and slipped, she did it for herself (her selves), to live more freely, and she started early, as a teenager.

When Michelle Handelman was a teenager, she had a poster of the dark-eyed Irma Vep in her middle-class suburban bedroom. But there were holes leading to unfamiliar places in the walls and floors of the house. Handelman always said she wouldn't talk about it until her parents were gone, but recently she's decided to share that after her parents' divorce when she was 9, her father became a drug dealer and the operator of an underground "massage parlor."

Growing up in a criminal household, Handelman dealt drugs young and learned to hide what was considered unacceptable even while gaining intimate knowledge that would have made the line between right and wrong more blurry. She had plenty of reasons to love Irma Vep, whose aesthetic was a mix of German expressionism, horror, and the Gothic. Eventually, Handelman would make her own films, about portraits that instigate murder (Dorian, A Cinematic Perfume, based on Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray), about leather-dyke culture in San Francisco (Blood Sisters, which played in Seattle in the 1990s). And now, she's made one about Irma Vep.

Irma Vep, The Last Breath (2013) is playing at the Henry Art Gallery, where you sit on a glowing bench wrapped by a curving row of four screens. It's a tense experience that slowly corsets you as it proceeds. Do you like to be dominated? It is not all pleasure. It's not real, either—it's plainly a campy,

vampy illusion—but it does leave marks that stick at least for a while, like bruises from a thrashy nightmare.

Epic windshield eyelashes and the catsuit: This is Irma Vep, 100 years on. She has a therapist who says things like "Why are you so aggressive today?" There are two Irma Veps of today, actually: one who's wounded and hissing, the other who's wounded and feeling "really defeated about relationships."

The dialogue (with the therapist offscreen) is mostly improvised by the artist who plays









IRMA VEP, THE LAST BREATH An unstable outlaw of a gender.

Irma Vep, Zackary Drucker. Drucker is a trans woman, bringing to the role a particular knowledge of living undercover, and maybe inevitably the performance feels at least somewhat confessional. Drucker spans all kinds of contemporary divides. She circulates not only in fine art, where her work was included in the 2014 Whitney Biennial, but also in television, as an actor on and associate producer of Amazon's *Transparent*.

Is Drucker's Irma Vep a woman? Was Musidora's? She's more an imagined gender, an unstable outlaw of a gender. Given the prem-

REVIEW

Michelle

Handelman:

Irma Vep, The

Last Breath

Henry Art Gallery

Through Oct 11

ise that Irma Vep is ultimately defined as a disruption to the social order, it would be interesting to see how a black artist would adapt the way Irma Vep has continuously, here included, been constructed by fetishized shadows and all-black bodysuits.

About the underworld, Handelman's Irma Veps are ambivalent. Hissing Irma is above it all, talking to her therapist about pursuing revolution, embodying an undefinable identity and redistributing the wealth of the greedy. (This Irma might have been assigned a therapist by a judge.) But then there's lonely Irma, seeking help of her own accord. "Suddenly, I was gassing people," she says softly, horrified. Crime might be more like sadism than heroism, and it's hard forming healthy relationships between people living in the shadows, she adds. Hear-

ing that, I hear the trauma and complexity of queerness echoing through time in art and popular culture, from Oscar Wilde to AIDS to Brandon Teena and Caitlyn Jenner.

You'll want to smack hissing Irma, and hug lonely Irma. In *Irma Vep, The Last Breath*, there is a soft world and a hard one, and neither can prevail the way Handelman edited the footage. It's not linear or chronological. Irma doesn't resolve. Handelman is not young, or didactic.

An older blonde is played by New York drag icon Flawless Sabrina, who sits inside a gleaming, casket-shaped ticket booth—waiting. This is where the tension of the film comes from. She's waiting in the casket-booth, which is suspended in a black void like a spaceship, and its interior is decorated with Irma Vep posters and old detritus. She's got an oxygen mask; she only has so much time.

When the young femme fatale finally comes, Flawless Sabrina gives her a ticket to admit one, and you think no, no, no. Irma Vep pays with a giant, terrible diamond. Then the booth fills with smoke, and Irma Vep is inside with Flawless Sabrina, ravishing her older double, biting into her and licking hungrily as the blood rolls down her pretty young chin.

If you know nothing of Handelman's early double lives, or of the invention of Irma Vep in the silent films of 1915 and her rise as a feminist icon after Musidora's death in 1957, still you can feel in $Irma\ Vep$ the manifestation of the dominatrix. She's on-screen, and

she's behind the camera. Her slick, gorgeous imagery flashing between the four screens literally jerks you around. She doesn't care whether art is art or movies. She's made an action thriller. Plunder is erotic, and power is miserable, glamorous, and false but real and scarv.

For me there were a few moments when the camp became cheese, and I regretted and resented them. I was so enjoying the illusion of Handelman's whip. I also preferred the fresh and particular contemporary contributions Handelman, Drucker, and Flawless Sabrina added, over the repeated reconstructions of the early French symbolism from the (admittedly beautiful) silent films where Irma was born.

Handelman's Irma Vep reflects the trauma and complexity of queerness echoing through time in art and popular culture, from Oscar Wilde to AIDS to Brandon Teena and Caitlyn Jenner.

"How does it feel to be a criminal in a moral world?" Handelman's Irma Vep asks arrogantly, presuming what her therapist really wants to know in the tone of an impatient teenager waiting for the announcement of her punishment. There are so many forms of criminality in the underworld and overworld alike. Musidora understood this. At the end of her life, she was known to sit in the booth taking tickets at the cinema where she had once lit up the screen. She would not be recognized. Every night she performed a silent escape from the cruel world of the greedy, the young, and the glamorous, right beneath their noses.

BOOKS

To Kill a Mockingbird Will Never Be the Same

I Suffered Through Harper Lee's Go Set a Watchman So You Don't Have To

BY RICH SMITH

t a party recently, a woman told me that she was afraid to read Harper Lee's new book because she—like Jennifer

REVIEW

Go Set a Watchmanby Harper Lee
(HarperCollins)

Love Hewitt and many other people—had named one of her children Atticus. I was not surprised to hear this. Americans treat Lee's first book, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, as their secular bible and Atticus Finch as

their secular Jesus (or at least high-school English departments do). But this woman \blacktriangleright





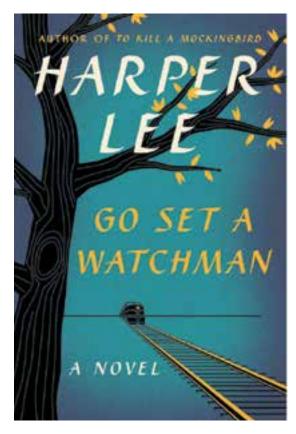
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I repeat: Do not buy the

book. It's not good. It's

a waste of your time.

◆had read the news reports. She'd heard that the character of Atticus Finch has been complicated by this new book, if you can call an unedited manuscript a book. Specifically, she'd heard the news reports that Atticus has been revealed to be a racist. I felt for her. I thought of those Germans in the 1930s who named their boys Adolf.

In $Go\ Set\ a\ Watchman$, Atticus Finch, the man to whom many ninth-grade students outsource their morality, is 20 years older than the Atticus in To Kill a Mockingbird, and he has become hopelessly arthritic, and he spews racist nonsense creepily enough in the soothing rhythms of the Atticus of old.

What's gross is that his racism is rooted

in "logic" and strict fidelity to the law. It's grounded in the notion that the world works one way and it will only ever work in that one way and that way was determined

forever the moment that the Constitution of the United States was ratified. He's a "thinking man's" racist. Someone who should know better, but who for personal reasons maintains views designed to keep his kind in power. He's mega-pissed at the NAACP because whenever a black person is accused of something, they step in and try to form a more sympathetic jury, which Atticus feels runs counter to the town's interests. He calls himself a "Jeffersonian Democrat," i.e., a person who believes that only certain educated people should enjoy the privileges of citizenship, including the right to vote. And, as you may have heard, he goes to a KKK meeting. This is true, but it's worth mentioning that he doesn't go to the KKK meeting in order to wait in line for a new white hood. He goes because he hates masks and he wants to see who in the town is hiding under them. After that one time, he doesn't go again.

Atticus's racism is not the center of the book. The center of the book is Scout—who also narrated To Kill a Mockingbird and who now would like you to call her Jean Louise, please—figuring out how to be a grownup, figuring out how to distance herself from her town and her family and childhood itself. And yes, naturally, this process does involve a fair amount of her yelling at Dad for being a racist.

As the book starts, she's taking a train to (the fictional town of) Maycomb, Alabama. She's visiting from New York, where she lives as a plucky and independent twentysomething. She rolls into her hometown and huffs for 80 boring pages about all the changes that have occurred since she left. There are a few saccharine manic-pixie-dream-girl episodes with her quasi-suitor, Hank. And then at some point, she finds a pamphlet in Atticus's library that explains black people's inferiority using "scientific" evidence. But what really sets her off is seeing her father nodding along to a racist spiel at a Citizens' Council meeting, and she sees this while leaning on the very balcony from which she watched Atticus fight in To Kill a Mockingbird for the acquittal of Tom Robinson, a black man falsely accused of raping a white woman. Insult,

meet injury.

For the rest of GoSet a Watchman, Jean Louise burns with righteous fury, summoning the particular vitriol one acquires in college, when the re-

cent loss of one's ignorance ignites a fiery intolerance for other people's ignorance. Jean Louise (it's so hard not to call her Scout) has it particularly bad because her dad is Atticus. Dad of the Century. Guy Who Always Did Right. She, like all those ninth graders reading To Kill a Mockingbird, like all those parents who named their children after him, felt very close to him and so felt very betraved by the fact that he'd hold views so clearly different from the ones he imparted to her as

But it's not like if you named your child Scout—as Demi Moore and plenty of other people have done—you're off scot-free. Though Scout/Jean Louise lays out Atticus with some pretty solid takedowns, most of her jabs participate in the racism she's seeking to stomp out of him. For example, in one of her counterarguments, she ends up agreeing with Atticus's premise that black people are "backward" and "simple." Which sucks. And it makes the book suck. Or it makes it a product of its time. Or a first draft. Or desperately in need of an editor. All of which it is.

To Kill a Mockingbird will never be the same because Atticus will never be the same—now that he has been revealed to be a cog in the machine of structural racism who happened to get a few things right way back when. In a way, this is healthy. Someone who thinks of To Kill a Mockingbird as their bible can never be their own person until they start questioning their God. It's ▶



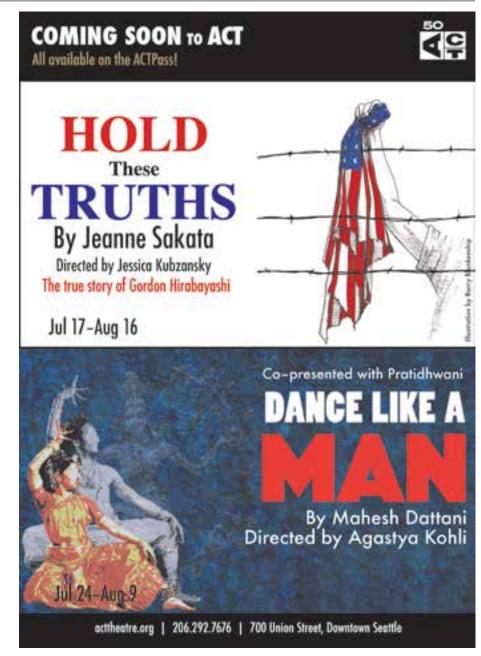
MARY ANN PETERS

• • • ART

"grasped how far away those Syrian lives she's chasing in her work really are from her own....yielding pieces that are more confident even as they're less knowing."

- Jen Graves







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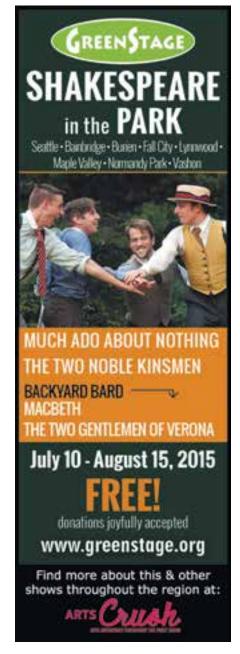
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TASTE Photos by Robert Wade











◀odd that *Go Set a Watchman* was written first. It's almost as if Lee wrote Go Set a Watchman in a fit of clairvoyance about the future success of To Kill a Mockingbirdwrote it just to muddy up the figure of the man who'd become something like a cardboard cutout of moral rightness. The book may be trying to show us that we should constantly fight the urge to rely on some higher power such as Atticus. That's not a terrible takeaway, despite the fact that it's a terrible book.

I repeat: Do not buy the book. It's not good. It's a waste of your time. Instead, reread To Kill a Mockingbird, which has been newly drained of the sense that it's the last word on justice.

THEATER

This Is **Their Youth**

The Self-Perpetuating Self-Destruction of Young Americans' Theatre Company

BY BRENDAN KILEY

t was, I admit, a little difficult to watch Past Curfew, a weekend of one-act plays produced entirely by teenagers, and not think about the failed promise of adulthood.

The weekend transpired in a small, sweaty theater on Capitol Hill where the teens of Young Americans' Theatre Com-

PREVIEW

Gruesome Playground **Injuries**

Eclectic Theater July 24-26

pany performed three plays for an audience of their peers and parents: Long Ago and Far Away (a magical-realist short by David Ives about a miserable couple in New York City pretending

they're happy), Childhood (a late-career fantasia by Thornton Wilder in which children run away from home—or maybe just pretend to-and reflect on the anomie of family life), and The Love Talker (another fantasia, this one Southern Gothic and written by Deborah Pryor, about the perils of sexual awakening and the literal and figurative monsters that hide in "the woods" off the beaten path).

Even though the company members I talked to over the weekend were nothing but polite and pleasant—almost too polite and pleasant—the whole evening seemed like a robust middle finger to received wisdom about being an adult. Which, for the record, I salute. The previous weekend of the YATC

The whole evening seemed like a robust middle finger to received wisdom about being an adult.

(pronounced "yahtzee") summer festival featured Kenneth Lonergan's visceral lustand-cocaine play This Is Our Youth, and this weekend brings Rajiv Joseph's Gruesome Playground Injuries, about how children become adults by collecting physical and emotional scars. As most plays-contemporary ones, anyway-are fond of reminding us, life is a slow-motion disaster. But it's especially eerie to hear that catastrophic wisdom coming from the mouths of the next



THE LOVE TALKER A teen-led company rehearing their future unemployment in

As most plays are

fond of reminding

us, life is a slow-

motion disaster.

generation.

Now in its eighth season, the Young Americans' Theatre Company began as an experiment in institutional impermanence, or what cofounder Hattie Claire Andres calls "a recipe for disaster": all teens and high turnover. Once a member heads off to college or a career, she's fired.

It hasn't always worked out that way, of course. Some of the spaces they've worked in have required adult supervision, but for the most part, YATC has been able to do its thing unencumbered by old people who think they know best.

The company was founded back in 2008 by six teenage theater nerds who'd been through the gamut of theater opportunities available to them—high-school shows, Se-

attle Children's Theater workshops, etc.—and wanted to make something of their own. Two of the six attended University Prep, a private school with a grant program for independent projects. They applied,

got the money, and rented Washington Ensemble Theatre to produce *Women and Wallace* (a comedy written by Jonathan Marc Sherman when he was 18 years old about simultaneously coping with the women in his life as well as his mother's suicide) and *On the Edge* (by Craig Pospisil about a potentially suicidal teenager).

"It was classic WET," says Andres. "The light board crashed on opening night. We thought, 'Wow! I guess this is how theater is!' But nobody questioned us: 'Oh, you're a bunch of teenagers, I don't know if we trust you."

The experience was deeply invigorating, and the company kept going, finding spaces—the old Live Girls! basement space in Ballard and the Erickson Theater on Capitol Hill—that would help them hang lights and then back off. Backing off is critical for a project like YATC, even for its founders, who initially promised themselves to walk away. "The company is essentially founded on quick turnover, which is a recipe for disaster for a professional company," Andres says. But even YATC suffered from founder's syndrome as Andres and her peers—from University Prep, Holy Names, Garfield, Overlake, and one home-schooling situation—didn't initially succeed at moving on. "We got a little helicopter-parent on everyone," she laughs. "It was all, 'Yes, please go away to college' and then, 'No, wait, we want to come back and tell you all the rules!' Once it got to the third generation, we realized it's a really solid mission... The past three years have been really strong, been this well-oiled machine."

Analiese Guettinger, who directed this summer's production of *This Is Our Youth*, says only a few parents have balked at the plays YATC has produced. One actor who auditioned for *Youth*, for example, was great—but her parents pulled her from the production after they read the synopsis of the play, which involves a 19-year-old stealing \$15,000 worth of cocaine from his father, on Wikipedia. Guettinger was nervous about seeing parents in the audience for the show—which includes an extended make-out sequence—but says the parents "loved it and loved to see their kids pushing themselves."

She also says the production inspired some revealing conversations with parents about what *they* were doing in the 1980s, when the play is set, during what Guettinger calls the "rebel burnout years" of

their lives. (Though parents might have some cause to worry about how a teenage-run theater company will affect their kids' lives. During my high-school years, I joined a similar independent theater project—which included former *Stranger* news editor Dominic Holden—called Anything for a Biscuit. We staged a Tom Stoppard play in a basement black box near Pike Place Market. I played an unethical theater critic.)

The next step, Guettinger says, is finding more participants from other schools, fundraising, and securing the company's nonprofit status. The audiences, she says, have shown up—the final night of *Youth* was sold out, with plenty of unfamiliar faces. "You hear 'youth-run,' and you think of everything falling apart," she says. "But I think the audiences are pleasantly surprised."

At one point in Wilder's Childhood, Mother (played by Ruby Daniel) complains to Father (Max Koh) about their children's fondness for acting out morbid skits with names like Hospital or Funeral or Orphans. "Listen to me, Fred," she bleats. "Those games are morbid; they're dangerous." Father dismisses her and keeps swinging his imaginary golf club. What he doesn't realize—but Mother intuits—is that his kids are creating a new world for themselves, right under his nose.

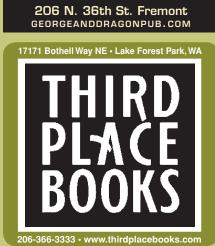
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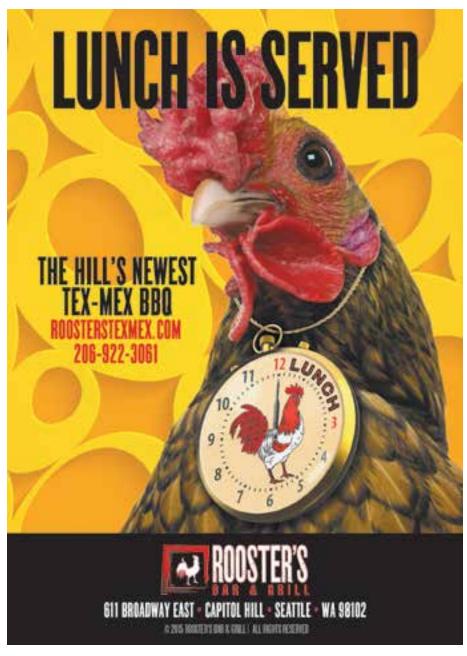














NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

THE STRANGER July 22, 2015 27









KELLY O

 $\textbf{TAMMY'S DELI \& BAKERY} \ It's \ the \ mystery \ that \ will \ keep \ you \ coming \ back for \ more.$

A Field Guide to the Vietnamese Deli

Sampling the Mysterious, Unlabeled Items at Saigon Deli and Tammy's Deli & Bakery

BY ANGELA GARBES

often lament the fact that Seattle lacks a truly great New York delicatessen, a place where you can get pastrami sandwiches and knishes. But every time my friend Ben

Saigon Deli

1237 S Jackson St,

322-3700

Tammy's Deli

& Bakery

7101 Martin Luther

King Jr Way S.

760-1172

visits from Brooklyn, I'm reminded how the grass in Seattle really is greener.

My friend is obsessed with the city's Vietnamese delis. On each trip, he works his way through not only various banh mi fillings, but also the many (often unlabeled) offerings that line the stainless-steel tables of delis across

town: Styrofoam trays holding grilled meatballs; translucent, dumpling-like objects; and blocks of striped, brilliant-colored jellies—all wrapped tightly in cellophane, gleaming mysteriously under the fluorescent lights.

Recently, while we shared bites of banh bo nuong—a dense

and chewy neon-green cake flavored with coconut milk and grassy pandan leaf—from Saigon Deli, I felt a little ashamed. Although I've had plenty of banh mi at our many excellent (and similarly named) Vietnamese delis around town, I've rarely explored other items. In fact, I've passed by the package of banh bo nuong countless times and wondered what

the hell it was (its color alone demands that it be noticed), but never actually picked it up. So, resolving to be more adventurous, I hit up two of my favorite quick-service joints—Saigon Deli and Tammy's Deli & Bakery—and grabbed armfuls of unknown items to sample.

The following are some of the best items I

tried. (While there were no prices listed on any of these things, on average they will run you about \$3.50.)

Bo La Lot (ground beef wrapped in la lot leaves)

Both Saigon and Tammy's sell bo la lot, ground beef shaped

into tiny sausages, wrapped in la lot leaves, and grilled. They look a little like dolmades (stuffed grape leaves) and are accompanied by ground peanuts and a thick, pungent fermented fish sauce sweetened with pineapple.

The beef is seasoned with black pepper and shallot, and the la lot (also known as wild betel, not be confused with the betel leaves and nuts that people throughout Southeast Asia chew as a stimulant) gives the dish an herbaceous flavor. The beef at Saigon is more complex—flavored with lemongrass and topped with crispy shallots and fresh cilantro and basil—but quite dry. The bola lot at Tammy's is simpler, but the meat is wonderfully moist and quite flavorful on its own.

$\textbf{Banh Cuon} \ (rice \ crepes)$

Banh cuon look like miniature white swaddle blankets. They're tender, delicate crepes made from a batter of ground rice that are first steamed, and then rolled with a filling of peppery ground pork and earthy wood ear mushrooms—utterly delicious.

Banh cuon come with a side of nuoc cham, fish sauce flavored with lime juice, sugar, and chilies, and slices of cha lua, a mild Vietnamese ham that looks, unfortunately, like gray lunch meat. (If you happen to like this stuff, you can buy whole logs of it, wrapped in foil, at Tammy's.)

While banh cuon from a deli are quite good, fresh banh cuon are even better: I recommend trying them at Capitol Hill's Ba Bar (550 12th Ave, 328-2030), where they are meticulously prepared by an older Vietnamese

man and served as a special on Friday and Saturday nights.

Banh Beo (rice cakes)

It's easy to overlook banh beo—deceptively plain-looking steamed rice cakes. The white disks remind me of little saucers, shaped with a perfect shallow divot in the center to hold crumbly dried shrimp powder, dollops

Styrofoam trays hold grilled meatballs, dumpling-like objects, and brilliant-colored jellies—all gleaming mysteriously under the fluorescent lights.

of yellow mung-bean paste, and finely sliced scallion. The flavor is relatively subdued, but the texture—impossibly soft, almost juicy—really stands out.

At Saigon Deli, you can find trays of banh beo and also packages with their equally enjoyable cousins: squat, fat dumplings made with the same rice flour dough that bulge with even more of that creamy mung-bean paste.

Banh Pa Te So (ground pork pastry)

Both delis have a small heated case for items like pork-filled egg rolls. But Tammy's also has banh pa te so, a small, square puff pastry with ground pork that's seasoned with lots of black pepper. As you bite into it, flakes of pastry crust will scatter everywhere, oil will get all over your fingers and chin, and it will all be very exciting and worth the mess.

Perhaps the most enigmatic items at Vietnamese delis are those wrapped in banana leaves. At Saigon Deli, I randomly picked up a nondescript package and was rewarded for taking a chance. About the size and shape of a candy bar, it turned out to be filled with a sweet-and-savory combination of sticky rice and coconut milk, dotted with pieces of salty pork and red bean.

A string of eight triangular parcels, all tied together with red packing twine, looked like some sort of forgotten Christmas decoration, but each held a surprising treat: clear tapioca triangles, stained green and imbued with a slight grassy flavor from the banana leaf, filled with a thick red-bean paste. Their squishy, chewy texture made them feel like a dessert, but they weren't sweet at all.

I also got lucky at Tammy's, where I was drawn to a fried piece of dough that reminded me of a Mexican huarache, flat and vaguely rectangular. It was tucked amid the foil-wrapped hams, so I expected something along those lines.

I was too excited to wait to try it until I got home, so I took a bite as I was walking out the door. My eyes grew wide with delight—it was incredibly sweet and transported me, simultaneously, to a market in Southeast Asia and an American roadside carnival. While the deepfried dough was thin, it was, miraculously, stuffed with banana and sugar, but also something a little funky and custardy—jackfruit?

I started to turn around so I could ask one of the women working at Tammy's, but I stopped myself. Instead, I took another bite, realizing it's the mystery that will keep me coming back for more. ■



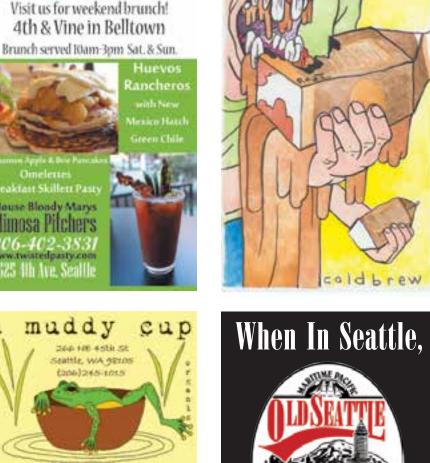








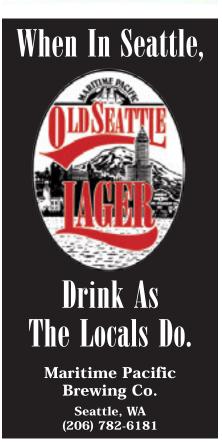






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Chop Shop Opens, Jackson's Catfish Corner Finds a Home, Cafe Juanita Reopens Chop Shop Cafe and Bar (1424 11th

Ave, 535-8541), from chef Ericka Burke (who also owns Volunteer Park Cafe), is now open in the new Chophouse Row complex on Capitol Hill. The food is very Pacific Northwest: well sourced, local, and seasonal, with plenty of vegetables. While the meat will vary, a signature chop will always be on the menu—an idea I love. especially if the chops are served bone-in



and the meats go beyond pork to others like lamb and goat. For now, Chop Shop is serving dinner, but it will offer breakfast and lunch (from the in-house juice bar. which will offer fresh juices, house-made pastries, and other grab-and-go items) in the coming weeks.

Jackson's Catfish Corner (7216 Rainier Ave S, 323-4330) has opened on Rainier Avenue, just south of Hillman City. in a little plaza that is also home to a car wash and an Ethiopian-owned barbershop. Since May, Terrell Jackson, grandson of Woodrow and Rosemary Jackson, founders of the original Catfish Corner in the Central District, had been serving his family's recipes of fried catfish, hush puppies, and, most importantly, their signature spicy pink tartar sauce out of a tent on South Henderson Street. When I stopped by the new restaurant on a recent morning, Jackson's wasn't open yet, but an older man polishing the tires of a very large, shiny truck told me to come back soon because the place would be "cracking." He added, "On Wednesdays, they have gumbo." Then he gave me two thumbs up.

Kirkland's beloved Northern Italian restaurant Cafe Juanita (9702 NE 120th Pl. Kirkland, 425-823-1505), helmed by James Beard Award-winning chef and owner Holly Smith since 2000, has reopened after a six-month renovation to the 70-plus-yearold house. Along with structural changes to strengthen the old building, the renovation also includes a more open kitchen, a lounge, a chef's table, a private dining room, and new restrooms.

Old Spaghetti Factory Building Sold The building housing the **Old Spaghetti** Factory (2801 Elliott Ave. 441-7724), a Seattle waterfront institution since 1970, has been sold to developers for \$9 million, according to the Seattle Times. While the exact fate of the restaurant is unknown, it will likely close in the near future. For now. writes Sanjay Bhatt, it "will remain open



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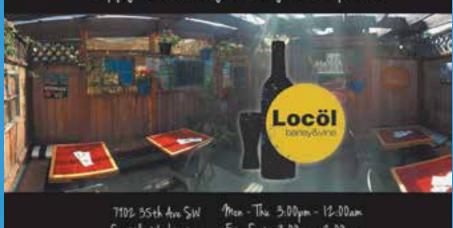
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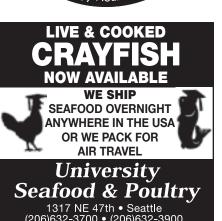




















as the developers noodle with ideas for redevelopment." (Yes, yes he did.)

Eats Market Cafe Closing

After 10 years, Eats Market Cafe (2600 SW Barton St, 933-1200) in Westwood Village will close at the end of July. The good news is that owner Toby Matasar won't be gone for long, as she already has another business, NICHE, an entirely gluten-free cafe and bakery, in the works for later this summer on Capitol Hill. Matasar plans to offer at least two Eats favorites at NICHE: the spinach salad and the veggie burger.

Neon Taco and the Pantry Are **Expanding**

As we recently reported, Malaysian streetfood walk-up **Kedai Makan** (1510 E Olive Way) is moving around the corner into the old La Bête/Spaghetti Western space in September, When it does, Monica Dimas, who serves her Mexican street fare at Neon Taco (209 Broadway E, 577-3045), located inside Broadway bar Nacho Borracho, will be moving in. In the new space, the name of which is still to be announced, Dimas will focus on hearty, stuffed tortas.

Also expanding: the Pantry (1417 NW 70th St, 436-1064), Ballard's extremely popular community kitchen, whose cooking classes routinely sell out the day they are announced. In September, owner Brandi Henderson and crew will begin an expansion into the space next door, where they will "offer more classes, dinners, potlucks, and food swaps." To help raise money, they're running a gift-certificate fundraiser for the rest of July: anyone who spends more than \$400 will be able to preregister for classes.

Jason Stratton Named the New General Manager at Mamnoon

Some unexpected and interesting news: Jason Stratton, formerly the well-known chef of Italian restaurants Spinasse, Artusi, and Vespolina, has been named the general manager at Capitol Hill's **Mamnoon** (1508 Melrose Ave, 906-9606). After abruptly leaving his restaurants in February, Stratton took time off and traveled to Spain, but is now back in Seattle and overseeing day-today front- and back-of-house operations for the Lebanese/Syrian restaurant. Owners Wassef and Racha Haroun created the GM role for Stratton as the couple turns their focus to other projects. The Harouns also recently announced that opening executive chef Garrett Melkonian has moved away from daily kitchen operations and into a "creative culinary development" role.

Gastropod Names Its New Chef

Cody Morris and Travis Kukull, owners of Gastropod (3201 First Ave S, 403-1228), are opening a new restaurant, Mollusk, later this fall in South Lake Union. When that happens, Kukull will move to the new restaurant. To find his replacement, Kukull and Morris had two chef finalists cook a week's worth of dinners and had diners vote for their favorite. The winner, according to Eater Seattle, is Kim Sturts (Dahlia Lounge, Harvest Vine, and the late Spaghetti Western). Sturts will officially take over in September.







SHANEW

BLACK NITE CRASH The masters of reverb play Not Block Party Sat July 25 at Lo-Fi.

Not Going to Capitol Hill Block Party?

Here's What *Else* Is Going On This Weekend

t's tiiime! Seattle's summer months are a nonstop music explosion with festivals and shows of all sizes happening left and right, from Central District Punk House Basement™ to the Tacoma

Dome. This year's Capitol Hill Block Party boasts a nice dose of local bands, plus great second-tier support from outta-towners like Shannon and the Clams, Girlpool, and Protomartyr. But if your bank account can't swing CHBP this year or you're simply looking for options that include less underbutt, you've come to the right place. I've compiled a list of *other* shows happening this weekend, just for you.

Cock Block Party (Fri-Sun, 8:30 pm, Unicorn/Narwhal, 1118 E Pike St, free, 21+)

Happening so close to the actual Block Party you can practically *taste* the vape pens, Cock Block Party brings you three days of free, air-conditioned music! Cumulus, dræmhouse, Sir Coyler & His Asthmatic Band, the Boss Martians, Black Wizard, and more will keep you company in the hyper carnival of the Unicorn (upstairs) and the Narwhal (basement). PSA: They have a menu section specifically for drop shots.

West Seattle Rock Party (Fri-Sat, 7 pm, Skylark Cafe, 3803 Delridge Way SW, \$10 per day, 21+)

I applaud the West Seattle Rock Party for their take on the CHBP poster branding—teal photo blobs and golden squiggles! Their tagline is "No Block, Just Rock," and the lineup includes Suction (melodic hard rock, inspired by the likes of Bob Mould and Killing Joke), Mind Vice (hard-edged funk), Echo Ravine (sweetly melancholic pop, the only band of this two-day fest to include a female), and more.

Not Block Party (Fri-Sat, 9 pm, Lo-Fi, 429 Eastlake Ave E, \$6 Fri/\$7 Sat, 21+)

This subtly named mini-fest features

music in the pop/psych/rock realm from Black Nite Crash, Radar, Solvents, Kay Odyssey, and other guests. As Things to Do's music editor, Kyle Fleck, puts it: "There's a bit of pop-culture apocrypha that Huey Lewis once claimed all pop/rock records in the '80s sounded the same because they were ripping off the production on his band's record Sports, down to the last keyboard effect and over-compressed drum. Something similar is afoot these days, seemingly, though its origin remains a mystery: Seattle is inundated with bands in thrall to the reverb and gauze of shoegaze, cut with a bit of grungy non-fuckgiving crunch. It's near inescapable. Point being, Black Nite Crash have it pretty much mastered, and some of their stuff aims for the pomp of vintage Oasis, which is intriguing on an intellectual level, if nothing else. Other bands on the block for the Not Block Party do things a bit differently, with Solvents rocking a K Records-influenced DIY folk-punk sound and Austin's Kay Odyssey taking you on a honey-sweetened trip through girl-group pop and psych. All of which is a long of way of saying you have solid local choices this weekend, if Capitol Hill Block Party's not your cup of

Spock Party (Fri, 9 pm, Black Lodge, ask a punk for the address, all ages; Victory Lounge, 433 Eastlake Ave E, donation, 21+)

Dress as your fave Starfleet officer (Dr. Leonard McCoy or Dr. Beverly Crusher, if you're taking suggestions) and beam down to this double-whammy show. Bands include X SUNS, Heavy Petting, the Ditch and the Delta (Salt Lake), Post/Boredom, Noyes (LA), Audrey Horne, and a few surprise additions.

Music Under the Stars (Fri, 7:15 pm, Freeway Park, 700 Seneca St, free, all ages)

Bring a blanket, snacks, white wine La Croix sparkling water cans, and a date you can tolerate to this evening of outdoor music at Freeway Park! Tonight's programming begins with chamber music performed by a student ensemble and continues with a live broadcast direct from Benaroya Hall. Two shows in one that cost exactly nothing!

Nail Polish, Twat Trap, Old Man, Mordant (Fri, 8 pm, Hollow Earth Radio, 2018 E Union St, \$10 suggested donation, all ages)

Hollow Earth's live shows are intimate and interesting, and never include harassment from Red Bull girls (stop enabling me!). Tonight, Twat Trap bring you queer feminist hardcore from Idaho with Bellevue-based whippersnapper noisemakers Old Man, the intense wailing hardcore of Mordant, and Nail Polish (members of Smiling)—a new local band that makes dissonant, angular, melodic punk ideal for future-alien dance moves and your best lavender lipstick.

Out to Lunch: Craft Spells (Fri, noon, Westlake Park, 401 Pine St, free, all ages)

The Out to Lunch concert series returns for its 37th year, bringing live music to your lunch break (or your getting-out-of-bed-now break if you're over the whole "job" thing right now). Today's band is the subdued and sweet Craft Spells, playing floral-print introvert-pop at Westlake Park—which is less of a park and more of an extended walkway, lined with a fountain and the city's best bucket drummers. Bonus: It's dangerously close to See's Candies (who'll give you a sample if only you'd ask).

Afrocop, Jerry Zimmerman (Sat, 6 pm, Vito's, 927 Ninth Ave, free, 21+)

Afrocop's self-described "improvised soundscapes of soul, Afrobeat, breakbeat, sci-fi, and jazz" and Jerry Zimmerman's excellent piano skills can be experienced up close and personal at Vito's, my favorite hidden old-school bar/lounge (check that gold-flecked mirror).

Barenaked Ladies, Violent Femmes, Colin Hay (Sun, 6:30 pm, Marymoor Park, 6046 West Lake Sammamish Pkwy NE, Redmond, \$44.50-\$54.50, all ages)

Okay, okay, this isn't necessarily the CHEAPEST thing (compared to free), but if you're looking to weird-splurge, this Last Summer on Earth tour contains the curious lineup of Colin Hay (he was the lead singer of Men at Work, his solo stuff is acoustic folkie, his Wikipedia photo is hilarious), Violent Femmes (remember when they sold "Blister in the Sun" to a Wendy's commercial?), and Barenaked Ladies ("Hold it now and watch the hoodwink"). All three of these acts have new music out this year, so come prepared for literally anything.

Around the Block Party (Kill the Keg) (Sun, 4 pm, Chop Suey, 1325 E Madison St, free, 21+)

Not only free and early, but with drink specials (for when you just want to pass out by 10 p.m.)! Chop Suey continues its "Around the Block Party" tradition, offering a Capitol Hill-based show with no wristbands necessary. Enjoy local boy talent: Sayonara (putting the two extra 6s in 206 hardcore), Big Trughk (sludgy roghck), Trash Fire (pop/punk charred to perfection), and Boyfriends (sorry, they're taken).

Honorable mentions: Fri 7/24, For the 99 and the 2000s at Columbia City Theater; Sat 7/25, Stiff Little Fingers at El Corazon; Sun 7/26, Mavis Staples at Woodland Park Zoo; Every day of the year, Buskers Trying to Get Back to Olympia at Pike Place Market. ■



BOOM!, A FILM ABOUT THE SONICS. GOES INTO PRODUCTION

It's been a good year for Sonics fans. In March, the Tacoma garage-punk pioneers dropped the strong comeback album This Is the Sonics, their first new release in 49 years. Interest in their revived career continues with a feature-length documentary by director (and Whidbey Island native) Jordan Albertsen and producer Brian Scott Robinson titled BOOM! A Film About the Sonics. They're revered for their raw, rugged rock attack with mid-'60s albums like Here Are the Sonics!!! and Boom, which inspired scores of bands, including the Kinks, Nirvana, the White Stripes, and the Cramps. (And don't forget LCD Soundsystem's special shout-out to the Sonics in their classic 2002 single "Losing My Edge.")

The press release for the film's Indiego-go campaign stresses the group's obscurity, but this seems slightly inaccurate. The Sonics may not be household names, but **their cult status is fairly broad**, and they played the sizable Moore Theatre earlier this year. Regardless, a Sonics documentary is welcome and necessary, no matter the motivation behind it. You can contribute to its funding and learn more about the film at indiegogo.com/projects/boom-a-film-about-the-sonics.

SKY CRIES MARY TO PLAY BENEFIT SHOW FOR CANCER-STRICKEN BASSIST

The United States' exorbitant joke of a health-care system is partially the result of our **powerful benefit-concert lobby**. It *must* be, right? Because every week brings another show organized to raise funds for a poor American—usually a musician—who



can't afford to pay for his/her medical treatments. Which brings us to dormant Seattle space-rock band Sky Cries Mary and their **October 24 reunion concert**, dubbed LIVE & Let Live: A Benefit for the Joe Skyward Cancer Fund, happening at Neumos. Skyward (aka Joe Bass, who also played in the Posies and many other Seattle bands), who was SCM's original bassist and now works as a bartender at the Short Stop in Los Angeles, is currently fighting prostate cancer.

Sky Cries Mary's upcoming show will include material from **all phases of** the group's career, which began in the late '80s and flourished in the '90s with albums like A Return to the Inner Experience (which features great covers of the Rolling Stones' "2,000 Light Years from Home" and the Stooges' "We Will Fall"), This Timeless Turning, and Moonbathing on Sleeping Leaves. The group will include players from those works as well as musicians who appear on SCM's more recent releases. You can donate to Skyward's family's cause at gofundme.com/joevsthevolchemo. At press time, the campaign has raised nearly \$40,000. ■





RATATAT Biggie sends them signs from the heavens.

Decoding the Queen Gene in Ratatat's DNA

Evan Mast Talks Brian May, Remixing Björk, and Magnifique, Their First LP in Five Years

BY TRENT MOORMAN

Ratatat

Sun July 26, Capitol Hill

Block Party Main Stage,

8:45 pm, \$50, all ages

oward the climax of the 1980 film adaption of Flash Gordon, heroine Dale Arden screams, "Flash! I love you, but we only have 14 minutes to save the Earth." The soundtrack, by Queen, is blazing and triumphant. Ming the Merciless is defeated (spoiler alert) to the most royal, eloquent guitar and keyboard rock possible.

Brooklyn duo Ratatat pull essential strands of their DNA from the embossed, stadium-filling sonics so articulately varnished and lavered

by Queen's guitarist, Brian May. Ratatat's fifth album, Magnifique (out July 17 on XL), sees Evan Mast and Mike Stroud drop into a reposed, nocturnal gear for slower \overline{t} racks where they play pedal steel guitar. Magnifique is palatial and booming from start to finish, and worth the five-year wait since their previous release. Choice rhythms and hopping beats stutter and slice under Mast and Stroud's tag-team guitar tones. They may not save Earth, but put some Ratatat in your Block Party readiness-pack for your climax-scene needs. Evan Mast spoke from New York

Where do Ratatat's guitar riffs come from? Sex, fire, and what else? There's no real formula for me, other than the sex and the fire [laughs]. You might just be walking down the street and a melody pops into your head. An idea will hit me and I'll hum it into my phone, and then take it home and try to transpose it to guitar or keyboard. After transposing it, the idea morphs into something else. You might put in a hundred layers of guitars that end up inspiring an idea, then you have to take out those layers and just leave the idea.

Name your top three riffs of all time. Are you a Zeppelin guy? I'd say "Taxman" by the Beatles. I'm not a huge Led Zeppelin guy. Mike is the Zeppelin fan. I know they're the riff people. I'd also say the Kinks song "Mindless Child of Motherhood," It may be more a part than a riff, but it's a sweet little guitar hook right there.

I was hoping you'd say, "Riffs are everywhere, in the wind through the trees, in the sound of the leaves." Geto Boys' "Mind

Playing Tricks on Me." That qualifies as one of my favorite riffs. Definitely the wind through the trees on that one.

When you hear AC/DC's "Back in Black," what fantasies dance through your imagination? How does that one go? I don't know much about AC/DC. I saw them play at Coachella this year. It was over the top. Excessive in a super-macho way. That's the sound of classic rock radio when I was in grade school in Cleveland. Ohio. So the fantasies dancing are about being overly macho, and bulldozers

I wanted to jump in on the Brian May aspect of Ratatat's sound. We're huge fans of his for sure. Especially with the new record, we really studied how he achieved his sound and arrangements. When we were recording our first record, we did a cover of the "Killer

"There's no real formula for me, other than the sex and the fire."

Queen" guitar solo. We broke it down and figured out all the parts to see how Brian May did it. No one layers like him. It's like classical music, the way he fits harmonies together. When I listen to Queen records, I'll just fastforward to the guitar solos.

You all play pedal steel on this album. Who are some pedal steel players you've discovered? Guys from the '50s and '60s, like Alvino Rey. And Pete Drake, who was doing steel guitar hooked up to an early version of a talk box, which is really cool. And an insanely good player named Buddy Merrill who was playing The Lawrence Welk Show. It's like he's superhuman, some of the things he did. Our slower Hawaiian-style songs came out of listening to that stuff.

You handled steel guitar on the album with moxie, like Bon Jovi handling his leather pants on the butte in that "Blaze of Glory" video. It's fun to write melodies on a steel guitar. With the slide, you're always finding the note as you go. You end up choosing notes unexpectedly. It was a good way to throw a curveball into the way we write. We have so many habits. The steel helps you surprise yourself. It's all about coordination and feel. You have start playing when you're like 9years old to get any good. Mike is much better than I am. I haven't graduated to leather pants or buttes vet.

How did you all get to know Björk and do a remix for her? Mike's wife used to work for Björk doing makeup. So we met her that way. She let us record a bunch of our second record at her house in Palisades, New York. Then we played a couple shows together, and she asked us to do a remix.

And when Björk asks you to remix her song, you say yes. You all have also remixed Biggie and the Knife. Do you ever get feedback from the people you remix? Biggie and I talk frequently [laughs]. I wish. We haven't had any interaction with Björk in a while. I got the impression that the Knife didn't like our remix. They had a very specific thing in mind, and sent lots of guidelines telling us what we could and couldn't do. So we disregarded it and did what we wanted

Biggie sends you signs from the heavens showing you he approves of your remix. Yeah. There's been weird crop circles turning up where we record. Puffy appears in the clouds smiling.

Some of Magnifique was recorded in Jamaica. Did the otherworldly super-ganja there help you write reggae hits? It's weird. the music we made there doesn't sound like reggae at all. What we recorded there are the more aggressive, danceable tracks. It's the inverse of what you'd expect. The laidback, Hawaiian-sounding songs happened at another studio. A friend of a friend had a house in Port Antonio, Jamaica, that was empty, so we brought down a bunch of equipment and set up a studio. It was right on the water, which is crystal clear. Amazing spot. We'd go into town and check out what was going on. The DJs have these battles there. A guy working on the house told us all these stories about the DJs making fun of each other. A lot of the battle is just the DJs in-

What does Ratatat disagree on? I want some nitty-gritty shit. The arguments about who doesn't roll up the toothpaste, all of that. Musically we tend to agree for the most part. It's very rare one of us will have an idea the other one doesn't like. I guess disagreements happen over practical issues. When we started making music, it was just totally for fun. The musical side is always fun, but then it became a business, and now it's both of our jobs. But we always sort everything out. Mike doesn't roll up the toothpaste, and I always forget to put the toilet seat down. Yet somehow we soldier on. ■

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Thursday, July 23 at Town Hall



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RUINED LIVES VERSUS STOLEN LIVES

"It's time, man. Damn, it's time."
—The Education of Sonny Carson

Rapper **OG Maco** recently sparked the internets by tweeting that his ATL neighbor Future has "ruined countless lives" with the drug advocacy in his music. I think it's absolutely super crucial that we have somebody in rap right now (and I don't mean you, dude—I mean somebody who people actually listen to) who is questioning the endless glamorization of drug consumption—if not the attendant brain/ organ damage—that lots of young people (whose brains haven't even finished developing yet) are being absolutely saturated with via rap music. Which they should be, because rap is the most honest music in America.

That said, this is **Young Super Future**, who just released the best work of his life



with Dirty Sprite 2—and no, you don't have to like codeine, molly, or benzos to agree that this shit is nasty. Future's blues bemoan—just as much as

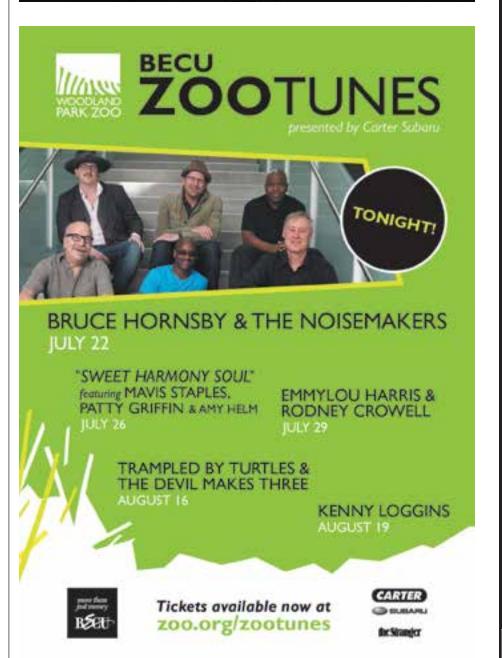
they celebrate and exalt—his cold soul, his heartbreak, his addiction. ("I gave up on my conscience, gotta live wit it/This remind me when I had nightmares.") If you really like rap—and **not just the way that rap informs your self-image**, and not only the rap you or your friends make, or the rap you grew up on (or the shit that just sorta sounds like it, which you also might make yourself)—well goddamn, you really might just be enjoying all this good shit dropping in 2015 right now.

Okay, but maybe we need something more than the voices arguing about whose fault it is that people are fucked up on drugs (a tired argument I've been hearing since I was a kid). Something more soul-balming than yet another rock star's out-loud self-examination (no matter how great it is). What we need most are those rare voices who speak to the struggle, the only struggle. The struggle for existence and freedom—for breath. The breath that white supremacists, imagining their power slipping away, would deny black people. The breath denied Jonathan Sanders, choked to death by an officer who allegedly said, "I'm gonna get that nigger." Breath denied Sandra Bland, found dead in her cell two days after being pulled over for switching lanes without a signal and "assaulting an officer." Breath denied Kindra Chapman, also last week—another alleged jail suicide. More names, more dead from this war.

If you want to hear somebody who knows these names and who's been on the front lines, connecting struggles worldwide since Ferguson, go check St. Louis's **Tef Poe**, who just released his opus *War Machine 3*. Go buy it on iTunes—I'll wait. Tef rightfully extols **2Pac** as the patron saint of revolutionary rider shit, screaming holy war on his enemies—who possibly include street rivals, but definitely include tools of white supremacy: specific Missouri officials, neo-Nazis, even the Democratic Party. "Now follow as we ride," as Makaveli said.

Or as Sandra Bland herself said in one of her videos: "It's time, y'all. It's time." Ticktock. ■







UP&COMING

Lose your grandiloquent rock-star gestures every night this week!

Wednesday 7/22

Earth, ManDate

(Black Lodge) A quarter century into their career, Earth continue to evolve. On 2014's Primitive and Deadly, Dylan Carlson and company fused the group's mid-'90s glowering rock-song approach with their late era's propensity for heat-stunned dirges. The result is a collection of slow-motion psych-blues numbers that stick in your mind like gentle traumas. It's kind of crazy that this legendary Seattle band is playing a small DIY space at this late date, so arrive early to assure entry. Openers Man-Date feature Stranger Genius/cellist Lori Goldston, Stranger Genius Award nominee/bassist Clyde Petersen, guitarist Corey J. Brewer, and drummer Marc Mazique. Their 2015 debut album, Oral History, is a low-key charmer of queer-centric rock—or "limpwave grunge," as they call it. Highlights include "Kim Gordon Q & A," a freaky calm-to-chaos Sonic Youth homage, and the righteous queer anthem "Oral History," which surges powerfully à la "Eric's Trip" on SY's Daydream Nation. DAVE SEGAL

Jane's Addiction, the Moth & the Flame

(Showbox Sodo) Every generation gets the Led Zeppelin epigone it deserves. In 1988, Jane's Addiction staked that claim with Nothing's Shocking, an ambitious, sprawling rock album that shamelessly strove for ocean- and mountain-sized sounds and grandiloguent rock-star gestures (which they will play in its entirety tonight). Powered by Perry Far-

rell's spotlight-hogging vocals—think a cross between Robert Plant's bravado and Yes singer Jon Anderson's wide-eyed, choirboy wonder—Jane's Addiction flaunted extraordinary chops, precipitous dynamics, and a facility for heavy metal, proggy peregrinations, and folky strum-alongs... like Led Zeppelin did 20 years before. Farrell, guitarist Dave Navarro, bassist Eric Avery, and drummer

Every generation gets the Led Zeppelin epigone it deserves. In 1988, Jane's Addiction staked that claim.

Stephen Perkins bestowed a lascivious danger and a luxurious sleaziness to an alternative-rock landscape that largely shied away from such lurid decadence. Nothing's Shocking, including our voracious appetite for nostalgia banquets such as this showa monument to glorious excess. DAVE SEGAL

Thursday 7/23

Kid Smpl, Lucas, IG88

(Barboza) Homegrown down-tempo producer Kid Simpl has been roughing up his vaporous night bus tunes of late, splattering desiccated breakbeats all over the Precinct EP and dropping a distorted,



KID SMPL Vaporous night bus tunes. Thurs July 23 at Barboza.

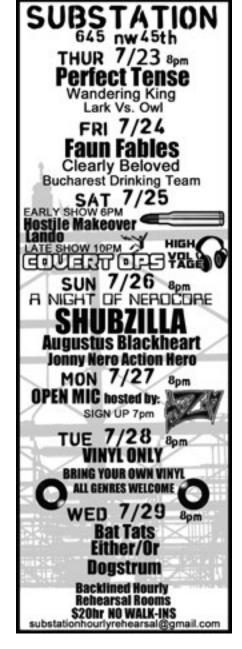
trance-gaze remix of Beyoncé on SoundCloud the other day. Props to him for getting out of the comfort zone of those beloved, beatific keyboard washes; consider curiosity piqued for his forthcoming material. Matt Lucas (or Yung Lucas, in blogtrap parlance) is a recent discovery, though I wish I'd found him sooner: Those James Blake-adiacent gospel riffs, half-speed rap samples, and nebulously syncopated beats are hitting all sorts of sweet spots for me this summer. His retooling of Snootie Wild's "Made Me" is a fantastically inspired slice of grandiose synthesizer and thug motivation. Ambientleaning cyborg IG88 kicks things off. KYLE FLECK

The Mighty Diamonds, the Melodians, Monty Morris, the Yellow Wall Dub Squad

(Nectar) This bill boasts two of the most notableif lesser known to modern listeners—acts to emanate from Jamaica in the 1960s and '70s hevday of rocksteady and reggae. The Mighty Diamonds tempered their Rastafarianism with plenty of romanticism, which is said to have made them more universally acceptable to wider (read: Western) audiences. Their dizzy, jaunty "Pass the Kutchie" and its chorus—"Pass the kutchie 'pon the lefthand side"—is still a crate-digger DJ favorite that you've definitely heard, even if you don't think you have. Emerging a few years before the Diamonds, the Melodians are best known for their exquisite rocksteady lament "Rivers of Babylon" (covered by cultural appropriators Sublime in the 1990s!), which, upon its 1969 release, spread across Jamaica and the British underground like wildfire. But both groups featured gorgeous vocal harmonies and watertight studio musicianship, and their catalogs offer far more value than just their flagship songs, as great as those may be. **GRANT BRISSEY**









Friday 7/24

Spock Party: X Suns, Heavy Petting, Audrey Horne, Post Boredom, more

(Black Lodge/Victory Lounge) The passion and fury of the bands on this bill seem to run counter to the cool and calculating poise perfected by Leonard Nimoy as Star Trek's Spock, but let's not split hairs. And so much hair would have to be split: Amply maned metal experts Audrey Horne will be on hand, along with mop-topped lo-fi slackers Post Boredom, Utah doom unit the Ditch & the Delta, and beloved local astronaut rockers X Suns. And we mustn't forget instrumental "hard emo" trio Heavy Petting, who, in the two releases so far of their young career, have yet to lay a false note to tape. You are encouraged to dress as your favorite Starfleet officer: Live long and rock, sir. (Sorry.)

Mötley Crüe, Alice Cooper

(Tacoma Dome) Before KISS, Marilyn Manson, et al., there was Alice Cooper (the band's name before lead singer Vincent Furnier adopted it as his own), pioneers of shock rock that freaked out the hippies and squares alike with gruesome, over-thetop stage antics. Alice Cooper's 26 albums—the first seven as a band, the later 19 as a solo artist—vary in quality and sobriety, but when Alice Cooper is good, Alice Cooper is really good. (When's the last time you heard Love It to Death? And those late-'80s/early-'90s glam hits were awesome and you know it!) Now sober and super into golf, the nearly-70-yearold Cooper reportedly still puts on a mean, eyelinerfilled show. Headlining tonight are Mötley Crüe this is their final tour. Everything about Mötley Crüe fucking sucks. Except maybe Mick Mars. But Vince Neil is so repulsive, it kind of cancels it out. Leave after Alice, don't drink and drive. EMILY NOKES

Protomartyr

(CHBP Vera Stage) Detroit quartet Protomartyr's Hardly Art debut, *Under Color of Official Right*, wasn't their first record, but it introduced them to their widest audience yet. Between Joe Casey's incantatory yelp and the band's post-hardcore at-



PROTOMARTYR They have what it takes to blow out your eardrums. Fri July 24 at CHBP Vera Stage.

tack, they recall the days when Midwestern giants like Hüsker Dü stalked the land (just add a little Gang of Four angularity to the equation). Though Greg Ahee, Scott Davidson, and Alex Leonard have what it takes to blow out your eardrums, they excel when they rein in that fury, as on "Scum, Rise!" which threatens to explode, but never does, generating enough tension to power a stadium. Over the past year, Protomartyr have recorded a split single with Kelley Deal's R. Ring and a third album set for release this fall. Bring industrial-strength earplugs.

Nail Polish, Twat Trap, Old Man, Mordant

(Hollow Earth Radio) First, would you look at the names on this bill?! In a world full of really, re-

ally awful band names (I'm lookin' at you, Hoobastank and Panic! at the Disco), these four newish, youngish bands were a bit more mindful about their monikers. Nail Polish are composed of local visual artist Aidan Fitzgerald and members of another band, Smiling. They played their first show in February, opening for Stickers, and then shared a stage with Ononos, Sashay, and Haircut at Chop Suey during Pride. Hailing from Boise, Twat Trap are self-proclaimed "young angry queer feminist punks" that do a KILLER cover of Bikini Kill's "Suck My Left One." Old Man consist of a bunch of young dudes from Bellevue, and they have a perfectly snotty song called "Here Come the Clowns," and Mordant, from what I can tell, are young, screamy hardcore brutes. This is a great bill. One might say, this is hip kid shitz! **KELLY O**

Saturday 7/25

Not Block Party: Black Nite Crash, Radar, Solvents, Kay Odyssey

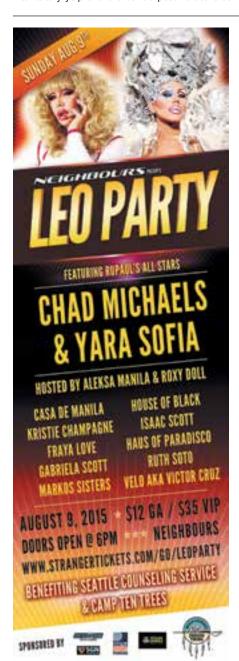
(Lo-Fi) There's a bit of pop-culture apocrypha that Huey Lewis once claimed all pop/rock records in the 1980s sounded the same because they were ripping off the production on his band's record *Sports*, down to the last keyboard effect and overcompressed drum. Something similar is afoot these days, seemingly, though its origin remains a mys-

Afrocop's lithe, technically dazzling jazz fusion has always flown lower on the radar than it should.

tery: Seattle is inundated with bands in thrall to the reverb and gauze of shoegaze, cut with a bit of grungy non-fuck-giving crunch. It's near inescapable. Point being, Black Nite Crash have it pretty much mastered, and some of their stuff aims for the pomp of vintage Oasis, which is intriguing on an intellectual level, if nothing else. Other bands on the block for the Not Block Party do things a bit differently, with Solvents rocking a K Records-influenced DIY folk-punk sound, and Austin's Kay Odyssey taking you on a honey-sweetened trip through girl-group pop and psych. All of which is a long of way of saying you have solid local choices this weekend, if Capitol Hill Block Party is not your cup of iced tea. **KYLE FLECK**

Afrocop, Jerry Zimmerman

(Vito's) Afrocop's lithe, technically dazzling jazz fusion has always flown lower on the radar than it should, given the trio's skill and ease in navigating their "psychedelic gospel" suites. Featuring keyboardist Noel Brass Jr., Screens bassist Carlos Tulloss, and Cascadia '10's Andy Sells on drums, Afrocop admirably maneuver among the improvisatory incandescence of Herbie Hancock, soundtrack-leaning ambience, twist-











ing post-rock passages, and moments of unadorned, blissful Rhodes contemplations. Perhaps it's true what they say about buying the cow when you can get the milk for free: Instead of playing no-cover shows

Mavis Staples's new works possess a lean gravitas and flashes of rock and funk grit that don't overwhelm the regal diva.

like this at Vito's, I'm willing to bet Afrocop's profile would raise fivefold if they started charging entry fees to their intricate and melodic soundscapes. In the meantime, be grateful it's a cheap and classy date alternative to whatever multiplex dreck is on offer this evening. **KYLE FLECK**

Charli XCX, Bleachers

(Showbox Sodo) I'm buying what Charli XCX is selling. The British kinda-alterna pop star (who's responsible for writing the Icona Pop mega-hit "I Love It") sings delightfully bratty electro tunes that somehow manage to feel more inventive than mainstream pop radio, but still use all the catchy songwriting tricks that keep them stuck firmly in my brain. While her falling-in-love heartbeat track "Boom Clap" didn't get as big as Iggy Azalea's "Fancy" (which she wrote and sings on), it's a bonafide hit. The themes of last year's Sucker are gleeful bubblegum Ramones rebellion—in her lyrics, Charli XCX doesn't wanna go to school, crashes parties she wasn't invited to, doesn't need you 'cause she's got a body of her own, while her aesthetic seems based on a magical universe where Fairuza Balk's character in The Craft joins the Spice Girls. Yes, please. ROBIN EDWARDS

Senses of Summer: Golden Retriever

(Henry Art Gallery) It is a blessed thing to witness Golden Retriever live—especially if it's for free in an art gallery. The Portland duo has recorded two stellar albums for Thrill Jockey, but before those,



CHARLI XCX Delightfully bratty electro tunes. Sat July 25 at Showbox Sodo.

modular-synth guru Matt Carlson and bass-clarinetist Jonathan Sielaff cut an under-recognized gem in 2010, titled 2, for Carlson's own Bucket Factory label. It was out of print, but Seattle's Debacle Records just reissued it on white wax. The A side sounds like a dream collab between Don Cherry circa the Holy Mountain soundtrack and Terry Riley circa Poppy Nogood and the Phantom Band "All Night Flight." With Sielaff's ululating wails and Carlson's radiant burbles gradually coalescing into a series of soulful, ascendant fanfares, the track could be a hymn for a peaceful religion (imagine that). Side B is more subdued, but just as emotionally wrenching. In Golden Retriever's hands, the bass clarinet and the ARP

Odyssey are conduits for a spiritual, cleansing sound

in which finely detailed ambient music and astral

jazz coexist in exalted harmony. **DAVE SEGAL**

Sunday 7/26

Mavis Staples, Patty Griffin, Amy Helm

(Woodland Park Zoo) Septuagenarian gospel-soul-blues legend Mavis Staples has undergone a late-career resurgence through the unlikely auspices of Wilco/Loose Fur frontman Jeff Tweedy. He produced and played most of the instruments on her last two albums—2010's You Are Not Alone and 2013's One True Vine—and respectfully modernized Staples's sound. These new works possess a lean gravitas and flashes of rock and funk grit that don't overwhelm the regal diva. (Kudos to whoever suggested she cover Funkadelic's lackadaisical soul classic "Can You Get to That.") While Staples's voice

isn't as lithe and robust as it once was, she's still a sage presence on the mic, and her recent live shows radiate vigor and righteous passion as she hits most of the highlights of a 65-year career, including those immortal Staple Singers songs. **DAVE SEGAL**

Monday 7/27

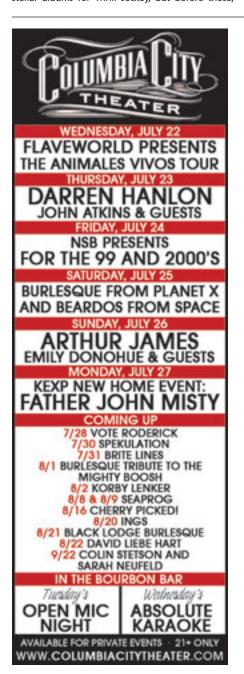
Esperanza Spalding

(Neptune) Renaissance jazz bassist Esperanza Spalding is so damn good that I'm willing to give a pass for how precious this sounds. Her new project, called Emily's D+Evolution, will "unfold as live musical vignettes... staging the songs as much as we play them, using characters, video, and the movement of our bodies." It's not that something like this has never been done, per se, or that it can't be done well, but it sounds awfully conceptual and perhaps playing against the strength of her music. Which would be a shame, because Spalding is as adept and forward-thinking a modern jazz musician as you could hope for, effortlessly blending Brazilian music and vintage hiphop into her Grammywinning work. Still, my skepticism around anything combining the words "musical theater" should be taken with its own healthy grain of salt. Spalding knows what she's doing. KYLE FLECK

Tuesday 7/28

Danzig, Pennywise, Cancer Bats

(Showbox Sodo) On paper, Danzig and Pennywise together on one bill might not make a ton of sense. But there's one word that unites both the aging dark lord of sex-metal himself and the broest of SoCal surf punks: Whoa. No, that's not my reaction to seeing these two headliners touring together, it's the one word we are guaranteed to hear a whole lot at this show—from Danzig's burly, sensual "whooooooahhhhs" in songs like "Twist of Cain" to the anthemic "whoaaaaah-oh-oh-ohs" with which Pennywise fans sing along anytime the bass line for "Bro Hymn Tribute" is played. It's time to relive the 1990s, one "whoa" at a time. **KEVIN DIERS**

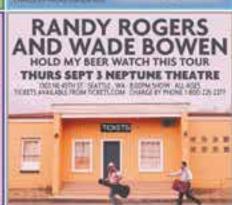












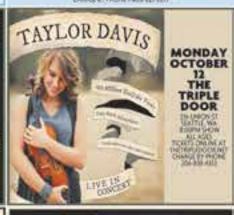












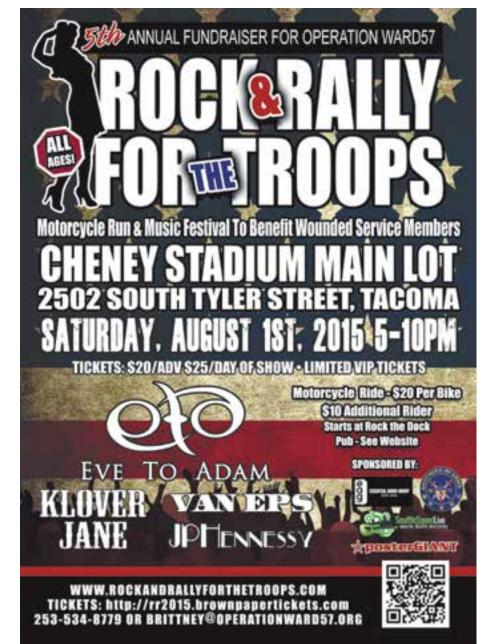






THURSDAY NOV 26 & FRIDAY NOV 27 VOGUE THEATRE





MUSIC CALENI

See The Stranger's online THINGS TO DO calendar for complete music listings.

DRUNK OF THE WEEK...BELOW THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA...43 **DATA BREAKER**...45

WED 7/22

 88 KEYS Musicians' Jam: Jens Gunno, guests BARBOZA Ruler, Naked Giants, DJ Corey

★ **② BLACK LODGE** Earth, ManDate

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Black Gravity, Great Pacific, Hierophant, guests, 9 pm O CROCODILE Song

Sparrow Research, Tofte. Honey Noble, 8 pm, \$5 DARRELL'S TAVERN Open Mic: Guests. 9 pm. free

O EL CORAZON Forever Came Calling, Seasons Change, guests , 6:30 pm, \$10/\$12; Hour 24, Racing on the Sun, Drew N the Sea, quests, 7:30 pm, \$8/\$10

O FIX COFFEEHOUSE Open Mic

© FREMONT ABBEY Daniel Blue, 8 pm, \$12/\$15 **KELLS** Liam Gallagher

O KENT STATION Wednesday Family Date

★ ② MARYMOOR PARK Third Eye Blind, Dashboard Confessional, Ex-Cops

NECTAR Twista, Neema PARAGON Two Buck Chuck

★ SHOWBOX SODO Jane's Addiction, 7:30 pm SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB
Open Mic: 8:30 pm, free

★ SUNSET TAVERN Tamaryr Midday Veil, Your Young Body, 9 pm, \$10

O TOWN SQUARE PARK

Wednesday Picnic

TRACTOR TAVERN Chris King & the Gutterballs, St. Kilda, Day Laborers And Petty Intellectuals, 9 pm, \$8

O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Jason Kertson Band, 7:30 pm, \$12 **VERMILLION** Mike

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Ben von Wildenhaus, 9 pm

Coykendall

O WOODLAND PARK **zoo** Bruce Hornsby & the

JAZZ

BRASS TACKS The 200 Trio O JAZZ ALLEY Catherine

THE ROYAL ROOM Piand Starts Here: "In the Right Pace: New Orleans Piano": Guests, 7:30 pm, \$10/\$12 TULA'S Lonnie Mardis and the Seattle Central CC Jazz Orchestra, 7:30 pm, \$5

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Bollocks: Guests

CHOP SUEY Wimps DJ Set CONTOUR NuDisco FOUNDATION Vanic, 10 pm HAVANA Wicked & Wild NEIGHBOURS Pulse: DJ

Trent Von, DJ Dirty Bit **★ Q NIGHTCLUB** Salva, Nina Las Vegas

REVOLVER BAR Mod Party Wave: Women Warriors WILDROSE Pizza Fest DJ Night: Childbirth, 8 pm

CLASSICAL

ALKI ARTS Neo Camerata Chamber Music Society

7/23

Lucas, IG88, 8 pm, \$8 **O BLOOMS WINERY** Alyse Black, 7 pm

Puddle Stompers, Kay Odyssey, the Pro-Nouns, Singer Sargent

O CITY HALL PLAZA Austin

Darren Hanlon, John Atkins CONOR BYRNE Jake Nannery, Sightseer, Weiswald, 9 pm, \$8

O CROCODILE The Hunts.

@ CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER Casev MacGill & Trio with Matt Weiner, 6:30 pm, free

O DOWNPOUR BREWING Open Mic Night: Guests, 5 pm, free

House, Skunk Rider, Year of the Cobra, 9 pm, \$7 HIGHWAY 99 Patti Allen THE HOLLYWOOD TAVERN

BENAROYA HALL Seattle O LAKE UNION PARK Pianos in the Parks

THURS

BLUE MOON TAVERN

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER

O COTTAGE LAKE PARK Scott Lindenmuth, 7 pm

Panic is Perfect, \$12

HIGH DIVE Marmalade HIGHLINE Lords of Beacon

Whiskey Barrel Blues Band KELLS Liam Gallagher

O LAKE MERIDIAN PARK Thursdays at the Lake **Lo-FI** Blackpool Astronomy, Jesus Rehab, Dirty Dirty LUCID Ayron Jones, 9 pm,

THE MIX Yada Yada Blues

Band, 9 pm, free

★ NECTAR The Mighty Diamonds, the Meloc Mony Morris, 9 pm, \$15

O NORDIC HERITAGE MUSEUM Arstidir, 7:30 pm PARAGON Logan Ulavale

@ REDMOND TOWN CENTER Summer Concert Series

RENDEZVOUS Lazy Animals. Mirror Ferrari, the Genghis

Con Artist. \$7 O THE ROYAL ROOM Brian

& Rowena Vasquez

• THE SHOWBOX Say

Anything, Modern Baseball,
Cymbals Eat Guitars, Hard
Girls, 8 pm

substation Perfect Tense, Wandering King, Lark vs. Owl, 8 pm

SUNSET TAVERN Jazmarae Beebe, Scarlet Parke, Heather Thomas, 9 pm, \$8 TIM'S TAVERN Machin', Eric Haines, Tsunami Pinata, David Maldonado, 9 pm, \$5 TRACTOR TAVERN Good Old War, Flagship, Pete Hill, 9 pm, \$15

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE
Rat City Brass

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE James Band: 9 pm, free

JAZZ

★ BARCA Jazz at Barca BRASS TACKS Shawn Mickelson's Jazz Quartet

O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Bad Luck, Lorraine Lau, Frank Kohl Trio, Citizens Band

O JAZZ ALLEY John
Pizzarelli Quartet, \$32.50 O OSTERIA LA SPIGA Thursday Night Jazz PINK DOOR Bric-a-Brac:

O SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Chris James Quartet, 7 pm, free

TULA'S Kate Voss, Sundae and Mr. Goessl, 7 pm, \$10

VITO'S RESTAURANT &
LOUNGE Casey MacGill

DAILY HAPPY HOUR SPECIALS CANS OF OLY 8 HAMMS 4-8 PM PBR DRAFT 12-4 PM **PBR PINT & WELL SHOT** 4-8 PM COCKTAILS • TASTY HOT DOGS • LOTSA PINBALL FROSTY BEER **206-441-5449** BETWEEN BELL AND BLANCHARD





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DRUNK OF THE WEEK



HOW SHORT IS TOO SHORT?

ow, far be it from me to try to tell anyone how to dress, especially when temperatures are soaring past 95 degrees Fahrenheit (WTF, Seattle!), but I think Jeff's shorts (pictured) are maybe a little TOO SHORT? I mean, when jeans are cut THIS small, what do you even call them? Should there be a special name for these? Um, should women avoid them? How did I get so drunk that I'm taking a close-up shot of a man's crotch, a man named Jeff who I barely know? These are the burning questions I need answered this week! Thank you, KELLY O







The Stranger and the Portland Mercury invite local filmmakers, porn stars, porn-star wannabes, hotties, kinksters, regular folks, and all other creative types to make short porn films - five minutes max - for HUMP! 2015.

BEST HUMOR: \$1000 First Prize BEST SEX: \$1000 First Prize BEST KINK: \$1000 First Prize BEST IN SHOW: \$5000 Grand Prize

This year's extra credit items: Mike Huckabee's book "God, Guns, Grits, and Gravy" and Hula Hoops!

HUMP! SUBMISSIONS DUE SEPTEMBER 30TH!

For complete information – go to humpseattle.com

DJ

BALLROOM Throwback

BALTIC ROOM Sugar Beat **CONTOUR** Jaded ★ HAVANA Sophisticated

MERCURY Isolation: DJ Coldheart, \$3

NEIGHBOURS Tinde OHANA Get Right ★ Q NIGHTCLUB Yousef,

Eelke Kleijn, guests R PLACE Thirsty Thursdays TRINITY Space Thursdays

FRI 7/24 LIVE

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show: 8 pm, free

- ★ O BARBOZA Whitney Lyman, 4:30 pm; Acid Tongue, 5:30 pm; Ephrata, 6:30 pm; Strange Wilds, 7:30 pm; Kung Foo Grip, 8:30 pm
- ★ BLACK LODGE Spock Party: X Suns, Heavy Petting, Audrey Horne, Post Boredom

BLUE MOON TAVERN The Staxx Brothers, 9:30 pm

- ★ CHA CHA LOUNGE Bad Future, 5:45 pm; SSDD, 6:45 pm; Deep Creep, 7:45 pm; Grave Babies, 9:45 pm CHATEAU STE. MICHELLE John Fogerty, 7 pm
- ★ © CHBP MAIN STAGE
 The Flavr Blue, 4 pm;
 Shabazz Palaces, 5:15 pm; Jamie xx, 7:45 pm; TV on the Radio, 10:45 pm

CHINA HARBOR Orque la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15 COLUMBIA CITY THEATER
For the 99 and 2000's: Zach
Bruce, J. Charles, Blakksoul CONOR BYRNE Stefan Paul George, General Mojo's Key Project, 9 pm, \$8 **② CROCODILE** Rishloo, This Patch of Sky, You May Die in the Desert, 8 pm, \$12 O CROSSROADS SHOPPING

CENTER Hook Me Up DARRELL'S TAVERN Woodshed, Sun Crow, Hundred Loud, Blackstone Daze, 8 pm, \$7

THE EAGLES CLUB

O EL CORAZON Valadares the New Tribe, CON, guests **HIGH DIVE** Tetrabox. Freudian Slurp, Roxbury Pound

HIGHLINE Warhead, Rezet, Skelator, Hexengeist, 9 pm HIGHWAY 99 Duffy Bishop

★ ② HOLLOW EARTH RADIO Nail Polish, Twat Trap, Old Man, Mordant, 8 pm, \$5-\$10

★ LO-FI Not Block Party: Sioux City Pete & the Beggars, Terminal Fuzz Terror, Black Ox

MARS BAR Live Music MASONIC FAMILY CAMPGROUND Cascadia NW Arts & Music Festival

★ ② NEUMOS Murder Vibes. 4:30 pm; Theories, 5:45 pm; Slow Bird, 7 pm; Theoretics, 8:15 pm; Thunderpussy, 11:15 pm

PARAGON JazzySol, 9:30

RENDEZVOUS Katelyn

O ROLLING BAY HALL The Weather Machine, Fly Moon Royalty, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

THE ROYAL ROOM Electric Circus, 9 pm, suggested donation \$5-\$15

O SALSA CON TODO Salsa con Todo Drop-In Classes and Social Dance

SEAMONSTER Live Funk: Guests, 10 pm, free SHANTY TAVERN the Scotch Tops, Some Other Guys, 9 pm, \$7

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB West Seattle Rock Party:

Suction, Sunken Rocketship, Skunk Rider, Crawler, Dead End Friend, 7 pm, \$10 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Lucky Machete, Teepee Creeper, Devils Hunt Me Down, 9 pm **SUBSTATION** Faun Fables, Clearly Beloved, Bucharest Drinking Team, 8 pm

sunset tavern The Tripwires, the Picketts, Phantom Ships, 9 pm, \$8

★ ② TACOMA DOME

Motley Crue, Alice Coope

O THOMAS CREEK Festival: The Mighty Diamonds, the Melodians. Kabaka Pyramid, quests, \$75

TIM'S TAVERN 9 Lb Beaver the Sky Rained Heroes, the Devil Bores Me, It Gets Worse, 9 pm, \$7

TRACTOR TAVERN Knut Bell & the Blue Collars, Darci Carlson, Whiskey Fever

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE Danny Godinez, 5 pm, free; Caleb and Walter, 9 pm, free **UNICORN** Cock Block Party Day One: dræmhouse, Chris Brokaw, Cumulus, 8:30

pm, free ★ ② VERA STAGE Yumi Zouma, 5 pm; Kite String Tangle, 6 pm; Protomartyr, 8:15 pm

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Milky's Way: 9 pm, free

WESTLAKE PARK Craft Spells, Fri, Jul 24, noon, free

JAZZ

BRASS TACKS Ron Weinstein Trio, free

O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Mike Gebhart Large Ensemble, 8 pm, suggested donation \$5-\$15

• JAZZ ALLEY John
Pizzarelli Quartet: \$32.50 • serafina Tim Kennedy ASTON MANOR #AstonMob

Fridays: Guests BALLROOM Rendezvous

Friday: Guests, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40

BALTIC ROOM Fundamental

★ CUFF DJ Night FOUNDATION Manufactured

HAVANA Viva Havana &

NECTAR 80s vs. 90s: DJ vewon. DJ Indica Jones NEIGHBOURS Absolut Fridays

Q NIGHTCLUB DJ Henski, Bgeezy, Rion, Cartographer, Mantaray, 10 pm, \$10 R PLACE Swollen Fridays

THERAPY LOUNGE Under

SAT 7/25

SUN 7/26

WEB7/29

THU 7/38

FRI 7/31

SAT 8/1

SAT 8/1

Pressure TRINITY Playday

CLASSICAL

BENAROYA HALL Seattle Chamber Music Society

SAT 7/25 LIVE

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show: 8 pm. free

★ ② BARBOZA Dex Amora, 3:45 pm; Moon Dial, 4:45 pm; HARPS, 5:45 pm; Vinvl Williams, 6:45 pm Nyves, 7:45 pm; the Gods Themselves 8:45 pm lves, 8:45 pm

BLUE MOON TAVERN Blue Lotus, quests, 9:30 pm ★ CHA CHA LOUNGE

Grenades, 3:45 pm; Great Falls, 4:45 pm; Old Iron; 5:45 pm; Heiress, 7:45 pm

★ O CHBP MAIN STAGE the Physics, 2:15 pm; Unknown Mortal Orchestra, 3:30 pm; Ivan & Alyosha. 4:45 pm; Wye Oak, 7:30 pm; Toro Y Moi, 9 pm; the Kills

ISSOFF JULY 25TH FREE! PATIO HAPPY HOUR! 6PM W/ DJS, DRINK SPECIALS KITTY KITTY BANG BANG & SUNSHINE! DJS RIFF-RAFF TOYA HARRIS JULIA PLANETDISCO SIRENS & SALLORS LIFE'S A BEACH IDPEN AIR PARTY! HYDEF / MTBTZ / SUCCUBASS / JUSTIN HARTINGER THU 7/23 FRI 7/24 (FOO SHAN POW) SAT 7/25

KISS OFF PATIO! (FREE) F (DUEER WOMAN'S MIGHT) LITTLE MISS NOT AS BALLS PAGENT KITTIE KARADKE NEW! OCTO OCTA JUVE II BRUTNI HOLLY HERNDON (AND RYMS / SEL **CUCCI'S CRITTER BARN** STIFFED! (BAY DISCOT)

ING MARCO [AMS] / SEAN MAJORS / FOI [HAPPY HOUR DRINK SPECIALS] W/ TRINITRON (A SUR BÊTE FAREWELL FÊTE) A DRAG COMPETITION KARADKE NIGHT HOSTED BY: KITTY KITTY BANG BANG COMMUNITY CORPORATION [DETROIT] / HIGHT & TIGHT [EARLY BARN YARD DRAG SHOW] CUCCI BINACA UNDERWEAR PARTY JULIE HERRERA / RIZ ROLLINS / PAYO

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THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA

BY ADRIAN RYAN

TIS THE SEASON OF DRAG RACE

It's that magical time of the year again! That time of wonder and excitement that we've all become so accustomed to: A bunch of our drag queens seem to go missing, and everyone starts whispering about where the hell they went. This time corresponds, strangely enough (or not), with the filming of next season's RuPaul's Drag Race somehow. Whisper whisper! Titter titter! Is it James Majesty? Is it Robbie Turner? Oh, my stars and garters! Well, allow me to confide officially that "well, yeah, maybe it is, so what," and that's all I've got to say about that. Except this: If a Seattle gueen doesn't take the crown this year (or at least place respectably—or even appear AT

ALL), this whole RPDR nonsense can go **piss right** up a rainbow flagpole, and I shan't pay another whit of attention to it ever. Do vou hear me. RuPaul? Shan't!

quite warned... I'm sure that has her quaking in her pantyhose.

A whit! Not ever!

Consider yourself

THURSDAY 7/23

RETURN OF THE STAY UP LATE SHOW

Anyhooters: While we are all fretting about that draggy nonsense, our good friend Rebecca Mmm Davis is conspiring to distract our fretful hearts with the waytoo-long-awaited return of the Stav Up

Late Show, Seattle's premier live late-night talk show! (Where the hell has it been? Filming RuPaul like everyone else? I ask you.) The ever-brilliant David Schmader is the extra-special quest tonight (there to talk about his new book, no doubt). plus the mayor of Seattle burlesque, Jo Jo Stiletto, a special performance by Cafe Au Lait Ole, and a visit with "The Original Biscuit Bitch," Kim Spice! Rendezvous, 7 pm, \$15/\$20 VIP, 21+.

FRIDAY 7/24

A QUEER CLASSIC FROM SILENT CHERRIES

Lingering at the zenith, the pinnacle, the reservoir tippity-tip of classic queer cinema-to-theater crossovers (or vice

> versa), you will find Hedwig (duh), La Cage (aka The Birdcage... and Fosse! And Fosse!), and, of course. Victor Victoria, the whimsical story of starv-

ing drag queens in Paris enlisting the cross-dressing skills of Julie Andrews (apparently fresh off the mountain) in order to bravely eat. She-cumhe is of course a smashing success and

becomes the drag-king toast of the town, until, you know, complications. (Aren't there always?) Tonight a scrappy troupe called Silent Cherries brings the tale live to the well-weathered boards of Re-bar—with a full cabaret orchestra to boot. Or heel. Whichever. Re-bar. 7:30 pm, \$20 adv/\$22 DOS, 21+, July 23-Aug 1.



7/23 **THURSDAY**



The Hunts Panic is Perfect All Ages

7/24**FRIDAY**



Rishloo

This Patch of Sky, You May Die in the Desert

7/25 **SATURDAY**



Rain City Rock Camp for Girls & The Crocodile present:: RAIN CITY ROCK CAMP SHOWCASE

7/25 **SATURDAY**



The Crocodile & The Underground Wine Project Present::

Hobosexual

Fires, Shawn Smith

7/30**THURSDAY**



The Crocodile & ReignCity Present:

Madchild (of Swollen Members) Onry Ozzborn w/ Rob Castro, Knothead

7/31**FRIDAY**



Monqui Presents::

Langhorne Slim & The Law





GOLDFISH W/ GIBBZ



Sat. 9/12 **ELIGH**



Fri 11/3 THE GOOD LIFE OF CURSIVE)

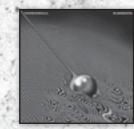
UP & COMING EVERY MONDAY & TUESDAY LIQUID COURAGE KARAOKE 8/1 RAIN CITY ROCK CAMP 8/1 KEHLANI 8/2 CHAPPO 8/3 FATHER 8/4 RASPUTINA 8/5 MARIACHI EL BRONX 8/6 BENJAMIN BOOKER 8/7 EVER SO ANDROID 8/8 JARV DEE 8/9 PHORA 8/14 THRIFTWORKS 8/15 BERNER 8/16 LOTUS CRUSH 8/19 EPIC RAP BATTLES 8/22 SIX ORGANS OF ADMITTANCE @ THE SUNSET 8/22 LAYNE STALEY TRIBUTE 8/23 INNER CIRCLE

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Fires, Shawn Smith, 8 pm O CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER Swamp Soul, 7 pm THE EAGLES CLUB

EL CORAZON Stiff Little Fingers, the Casualties, Dayglo Abortions, 8 pm; \$20/\$25, the Bloodclots Wreckless Freaks, guests FADO IRISH PUB Connor

O GORGE AMPHITHEATRE

* O HENRY ART GALLERY Senses of Summer: Golde Retriever, 4 pm, free HIGH DIVE Blood Hot Beat **HIGHLINE** The New Division, Gems, Screens

HIGHWAY 99 JP Soars & the

Red Hots, guests ★ LO-FI Not Block Party MASONIC FAMILY **CAMPGROUND** Cascadia NW Arts & Music Festival

★ ② NEUMOS So Pitted, 2:15 pm; Snuff Redux, 4 pm; Jarv Dee, 5:15 pm; Zoolab, 7:45 pm; Slow Dance, 11 pm; Hobo sexual. 12:45 am PARAGON Dynamite

COMMUNITY HALL Cascadia Irish Music Week Farewell Concert POPULUXE BREWING

Whorechata, Whitney Monge, Bleachbear, 2 pm THE ROYAL ROOM Ray

O SEATTLE PUBLIC LIBRARY, SOUTHWEST

BRANCH "Tambourine Submarine: A Musical Odyssey": Recess Monkey, 11:30 am, free

★ ② SHOWBOX SODO Charli XCX, Bleachers, 7:30 pm, \$31.50/\$35

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB West Seattle Rock Party: Suction, Sunken Rocketship Skunk Rider, Crawler, Dead End Friend

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Urban Pioneers, the Black Crabs, Slim Sandy, 9 pm substation Hostile Makeover, Lando, 5 pm

SUNSET TAVERN Wooky, Shakedown at the Majestic, the Malady of Seven Dials, Black Ox, 9 pm, \$8

O THOMAS CREEK Northwest World Reggae Festival: The Mighty Diamonds, the Melodians, Kabaka Pyramid, guests TIM'S TAVERN Soul Junction, Miss Massive

Snowflake, Juniper Circus TRACTOR TAVERN Pretty Enemy, Agents of Chaos, 93 Octane, Demolition Kings **UNICORN** Cock Block Party Day Two: Bottlenose Koffin ss Martians, Sir Coyler & his Asthmatic Band

★ ② VERA STAGE Kinski. 2 pm, One Above Below None; 3 pm; Smokey Brights, 4 pm; Big Wild, 5 pm; Meatbodies, 7:15 pm; Kodak to Graph, 8:30 pm; the Coathangers, 9:45 pm; Com Truise, 11 pm

JAZZ

BRASS TACKS Triangular Jazztet, 7 pm, free CHATEAU STE. MICHELLE Chris Botti, Bob James, Earl Klugh, Morgan James, 2 pm • jazz alley John
Pizzarelli Quartet: \$32.50

SEAMONSTER Andrew Endres Collective: free

ARTS

★ VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Afrocop, Jerry Zimmerman, 6 pm, free

DJ

ASTON MANOR NRG aturdays: Guests BALLROOM Sinful Saturdays: Guests, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40 Night BALTIC ROOM Crave Saturdays

BARBOZA Inferno CHOP SUEY Dance Yourself

CORBU LOUNGE Saturday Night Live

★ CUFF DJ Night FOUNDATION Riggi & Piros HAVANA Viva Havana & Havana Social

maxim's Stars & Stripes: Guests, 5 pm, \$15 MERCURY Machine Joy: DJ Hana Solo, \$5 MONKEY LOFT Summer Saturday 12 Hour Parties NEIGHBOURS Powermix: DJ Randy Schlager

NEUMOS Midnight Snack: Tony Snark, DJ Sosa, Yung Futon, Sat, Jul 25, midnight **R PLACE** Therapy Saturday: DJ Flo'w

REVOLVER BAR Brit Pop Brunch: DJ Jimi C RUNWAY CAFE DJ David N, free

substation Covert Ops High Voltage: DJ Keano, Enki, Toastercookie, Flave, 10 pm. \$5 dressed in rave gear/\$8 otherwise

THERAPY LOUNGE Regga Brunch: Selector Soul Shot TRINITY Reload Saturdays THE WOODS Juicebox

CLASSICAL

CHOW MUSIC

O OLYMPIC MUSIC FESTIVAL Olympic Music Festival: \$20/\$30/\$32

SUN 7/26

★ ② BARBOZA Ryan Caraveo, 5:45 pm; Zebra Hunt. 6:45 pm **BLUE MOON TAVERN** Nails

★ CAFE RACER The Racer Sessions, 7:30 pm, free CHA CHA LOUNGE Great Spiders, 2:45 pm; Charms, 3:45 pm; Gold Fronts, 5:45 pm

CHATEAU STE, MICHELLE Jimmie Vaughan & Tilt-A-Whirl, Blind Boys of Alabama, Charlie Musselwhite, Doug MacLeod, 3 pm, \$45/\$65

★ ② CHBP MAIN STAGE
Wet, 2:15 pm; the Julie Ruin,
4:45 pm; Ratatat, 8:45 pm

★ CHOP SUEY Around the Block Party: Sayonara, Big Trughk, Trash Fire, Boyfriends, 4 pm, free COLUMBIA CITY THEATER

Arthur James, Emily Donohue, Alki, 7:30 pm COMEDY UNDERGROUND Fenix Rising: Alive She Cried, Monika Kozmik,

guests

CROCODILE Neka & Kahlo O EL CORAZON Casualties, Dayglo Abortions, Go Like Hell, White City Graves, Raw Dogs, 8 pm, \$13/\$15 HIGH DIVE Verbal Tip. the Sideshow Tragedy, the Struggles, 8 pm

KELLS Liam Gallagher LITTLE RED HEN Open Mic Acoustic Jam with

DATA BREAKER

BY DAVE SEGAL



WEDNESDAY 7/22 SALVA'S MAINSTREAM UNDER-

GROUND

An LA producer who's been grindin' on the club circuit for five years, Salva has become prominent enough to remix tracks by Mike Will Made It and RL Grime and collaborate with artists like Young Thug and Boys Noize. The latter artist is featured on Salva's latest cut, "Choo Choo," a pounding slab of bass music that cruises somewhere between hiphop and house tempos and features cannily deployed high and low frequencies and funky electronic handclaps; it's going to drive dance **floors worldwide crazy**. Salva's found a way to meld G-funk, Miami bass, dubstep, juke, and house music that enables him to straddle the underground and mainstream worlds with more authority than most. With Nina Las Vegas and guests. Q Nightclub, 9 pm, \$10, 21+.

THURSDAY 7/23

KID SMPL'S CHILL MINIMALISM

Over the last four years, Kid Smpl has been perhaps Seattle's ultimate chill producer. Recording for Alex Ruder's Hush Hush imprint and III Cosby's Car Crash Set label, Kid Smpl (aka Joey Butler) creates frosty, desolate atmospheres, charcoal-

smudged bass tones, and beats that are more implied than functional (in typical electronic-music terms). He started out as the city's foremost purveyor of the night bus sound—an eerie, emotionally fragile style of mostly beatless bass music that conjures the loneliness of nocturnal public transport—but has gradually expanded into something harder to peg with the Silo Tear and Precinct EPs. The former's a strange hybrid of grimy night bus ambience

and splenetic drum-and-bass beats; the latter edges toward abrasiveness and rhythmic unpredictability while retaining his dulcet, delicate melodic touch. In this paper's Up & Coming section, Kyle Fleck praises opener Lucas's "James Blake-adjacent gospel riffs, half-speed rap samples, and nebulously syncopated beats," and the man isn't wrong. With IG88. Barboza, 8 pm, \$8, 21+.

TREAT YOURSELF TO TECHNO DOYEN YOUSEF

English producer/DJ Yousef is renowned for the Circus club parties he hosts in his home base of Liverpool. They serve as a magnet for some of the world's most popular yet interesting techno artists, including Ricardo Villalobos, Richie Hawtin, Maya Jane Coles, and Seth Troxler. But beyond his superb curatorial acumen (and big budget), Yousef knows how to build DJ sets that tingle your limbs and hips and stimulate your mind. For proof, check out his four-deck Boiler Room performance from September 2014 on YouTube. (Yes, dude uses CDs, but still...) He strikes a balance between hedonistic and heady that's the hallmark of the best mega-club jocks. With Eelke Kleijn and guests, Q Nightclub, 9 pm, \$10, 21+.





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Steve Scher + **Nancy Pearl with Katy Sewall**

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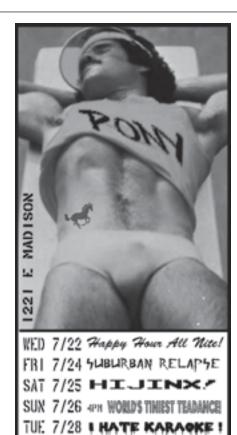
ARMORY

That Stack of Books Podcast Live

Thursday, July 23 at Town Hall













WED NOV 11TH @ THE SUNSET SUN AUG 23RD @ CHOP SUEY FUCKED UP (ZODIAC) **DAVID** RYAN DOOMSQUAD HARRIS

U&C: 9/16 JOEY CAPE @ THE SUNSET, 9/18 TREVOR HALL @ Showbox Market. 11/17 La dispute @ Neptune Theatre

Bodacious Billy ★ LO-FI Not Block Party MARYMOOR PARK Barenaked Ladies, Violen Femmes, Colin Hav MASONIC FAMILY

NW Arts & Music Festival THE MIX Tae Phoenix NECTAR Morning Glory Revival, Planet Fly, the Cosmic Shuffle, 8 pm, \$5

★ O NEUMOS I Will Keep Your Ghost, 3:15 pm; Summer Cannibals, 4:15 pm; Porter Ray, 5:15 pm; Wrestlers, 9 pm; Sol & Friends,10 pm

THE ROYAL ROOM Backlot BBQ: Skerik, Ask the Ages, High Wired NoNet, 4 pm O SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB

All Ages Open Mic O STUDIO SEVEN Autograph, Hair Nation, Prelude to a Pistol, Voltanic

SUBSTATION Shubzilla

O THOMAS CREEK Northwest World Reggae Festival: The Mighty Diamonds, the Melodians, Kabaka Pyramid, guests TIM'S TAVERN Danielle Ate the Sandwich, Kirsten Silva, Lori Lasswell, 8 pm, \$5

O THE TRIPLE DOOR
THEATER the Side Project, Nolan Garrett, 7 pm UNICORN Cock Block Party Day Three: Black Wizard, Paralyzer, Brain Scraper, Dogs of War

★ **② VERA STAGE** Industrial Revelation, 2 pm; the Wooden Sky, 3 pm; Lost Lander, 4 pm; Lower Dens, 5 pm; Shannon & the Clams, 7:30 pm; Sam Lachow, 9 pm

O WOODLAND PARK ZOO Mavis Staples, Patty Griffi Amy Helm, 6 pm, \$29.50

JAZZ

THE ANGRY BEAVER The Beaver Sessions DARRELL'S TAVERN O JAZZ ALLEY John Pizzarelli Quartet, \$32.50 SEAMONSTER Birch Pereira Jazz Band: 7 pm, free

★ VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Ruby Bishop, 6 pm, free; the Ron Weinstein Trio, 9:30 pm, free

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection Sundays CONTOUR Broken Grooves CORBU LOUNGE Salsa Sundays: DJ Nick, 9 pm MERCURY Mode

NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina: DJ Luis, DJ Polo PONY TeaDance

R PLACE Homo Hop ★ RE-BAR Flammable

CLASSICAL

O OLYMPIC MUSIC

MON 7/27

88 KEYS Blues On Tap AMERICANA Open Mic CAPITOL CIDER

★ COLUMBIA CITY Misty, 3 pm

CONOR BYRNE Bluegrass O EL CORAZON Brick +

O JAZZ ALLEY Keb' Mo'

KELLS Liam Gallagher ★ LO-FI November Pearls. FHTAGN, Walrus Machine

★ ② NEPTUNE THEATRE Esperanza Spalding, 8 pm THE ROYAL ROOM Bad Luck, Enso, Honey Noble 4 STUDIO SEVEN Abigail Williams, A Crime of Passion, Twisted Heroes substation Open Mic

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE

JAZZ

O ANGEL OF THE WINDS TULA'S Michael Waldrop

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam ★ BAR SUE Motown on

★ ② FREMONT ABBEY No. Lights No Lycra

★ THE HIDEOUT Industry Standard: Guests, free MOE BAR Moe Bar Monday

* RE-BAR Collide-O-Scope

O BENAROYA HALL Seattle Chamber Music Society

TUE 7/28 LIVE

CLASSICAL

O AMBER RESTAURANT Folias, 6 pm, \$10 for tango class and practice/\$5 dance only/free to watch

CAFE RACER Jacobs Posse O CHIHULY GARDEN AND **GLASS** Summer Nights in the Garden: Naomi Wachira **COLUMBIA CITY THEATER** Vote Roderick: Road to the

CONOR BYRNE Country Dancing Night: 9 pm

O EL CORAZON Helms Alee, Coliseum, Arctic Flowers, guests, 7:30 pm HIGH DIVE Liz Crowley, Billy Valentine, Steve the

HIGHLINE Noise Complaint, Regional Faction, Bugs, the Sky Rained Heroes

THE HOLLYWOOD TAVERN Mark Ward, 7 pm, free

O IBM PLAZA Andrea

O ISSAOUAH COMMUNITY CENTER Jessica Lynne **I&M CAFE** All-Star Acoustic Tuesdays: Guests, 9 pm,

O JAZZ ALLEY Keb' Mo' KELLS Liam Gallagher **© KENT STATION** William

NECTAR High and Mighty Brass Band, TubaLuba PARAGON You Play

Tuesday RENDEZVOUS Marian Call O THE ROYAL ROOM

Dollargirl, Honeyville Rascals, Mannequin BBQ **SEAMONSTER** McTuff Trio

★ ② SHOWBOX SODO Danzig, Pennywise, Cancel Bats

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Baby Ketten Karaoke **SUNSET TAVERN** Barton Carroll, Wolf People, Joseph Giant

TIM'S TAVERN Open Mic TRACTOR TAVERN Breathe Owl Breathe, Shenandoah

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Chris Riffle Darcat

O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Alpha Rev, Jared and the Mill

vera project p-lo, Kool

JAZZ

SEAMONSTER Michael Owcharuk Quartet TULA'S Kareem Kandi, the 200 Trio, 7:30 pm, \$10

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass Tuesdays BLUE MOON TAVERN CORBU LOUNGE Club NYX DARRELL'S TAVERN DJ

HAVANA Real Love '90s **★ LO-FI** Stop Biting MERCURY Die: Black Maru,

SUBSTATION Bring Your

Major Tom. \$5 NEIGHBOURS Pump It Up: Vogue: DJ Lightray ROB ROY Analog Tuesdays





31/2 MINUTES, 10 BULLETS Jordan Davis's parents stand up for justice.

Can a Documentary Save Black Lives?

The Father of a Murdered Teenager Hopes That 3½ Minutes, 10 Bullets Can and Will BY IJEOMA OLUO

n November 23, 2012, while sitting in a parked car with three friends, 17-year-old Jordan Davis was shot and killed by 45-year-old Michael Dunn following a verbal dispute over loud

3½ Minutes,

10 Bullets

dir. Marc Silver

SIFF Film Center

music. The story of a white man who became so angry at the impertinence of four black teens that he fired 10 bullets into their SUV came to

horrify the nation. Black parents clutched their children tightly as they watched Jordan's parents, Ron Davis and Lucia McBath, face a loss both unimaginable and

horribly familiar. The whole tragedy served to emphasize the constantly present threat of losing our black children to a world that seems out to get them.

The documentary 31/2 Minutes, 10 Bullets is about the aftermath of Jordan's killing the trial that revolved around the effort to humanize the killer and dehumanize the victim, the endless public debate, the media circus that surrounded it, and the survivors' quest for justice.

Though the trial is over, and Dunn is sentenced to life without parole, the aftermath is ongoing: In the two and a half years since their son's murder, Jordan's parents have watched the parents of Michael Brown, Tamir Rice, John Crawford, Renisha McBride, and so many others mourn children who were callously gunned down-making this documentary more timely than ever.

"When the jury of the Trayvon Martin trial said they 'couldn't connect with Trayvon,' that really hit me," Ron Davis says over the phone, explaining to me why he agreed to participate in the documentary. "I want to make sure that everybody could connect with Jordan. My son Jordan Davis was not even allowed to be called a victim during the trial. We could not

show [photos of] Jordan interacting with his relatives. [The defense] could show Dunn interacting with his relatives. We could only show

> Jordan's ID picture. During the second trial, they showed Dunn the picture and asked, 'Do you recognize this man?' He said, 'No."

The pain in his voice makes it

clear how open his wounds still are. "How do you not recognize the face of the person you

The element that is often missing from the news frenzy surrounding these deaths are the actual young people whose lives were stolen due to racial hatred and fear of blackness. and the families who are left behind to pick up the pieces. 31/2 Minutes, 10 Bullets never lets us escape the humanity of Jordan Davis. We see his father talking with the friends who were in the SUV with Jordan when he was killed. They aren't talking about the evening he was shot but about what a terrible basketball player Jordan was. "He never got better," they laugh while shaking their heads. You can see the joy in Ron Davis's face as he thinks of his son fumbling around the basketball court.

"He was a typical 17-year-old," Davis tells me with loving honesty. "American kid. A kid we all see on television who acts silly. They play with their friends, they go to the mall to look at girls. He didn't do drugs. No drugs, no alcohol-not even tattoos. The National Guard envelope came in the mail a week after Jordan was killed. He was thinking of signing up. All they see is the color of his skin and the fear that was drummed into them. Is America

for everybody, no matter what race?"

This documentary shows the pain of Jordan's friends and family as they try to find justice, juxtaposed with the shocking remorselessness of Dunn. We see him in court footage and hear excerpts of recorded phone conversations Dunn had with his fiancée from

Davis was confronted with this anathy every day of the trial: "There was a point

"Maybe if you see this, you will think the person you are thinking of shooting is a person."

when Dunn was trying to get out on bail. He thought he was getting out on bail that day. During the recess, he turned around and smiled at his parents and friends. And it just got to me. I started toward him. I got about five or six feet away, and the guards started moving toward him, and my lawyer put his hand on my shoulder. I saw then that he had a lack of empathy for my son. He didn't care that he killed Jordan. It didn't mean enough for him to dial 911."

This lack of empathy gets to the heart of why this documentary was so important to Davis and why he's working so hard to make sure that people see it. "These people who don't have empathy have guns," he says. "This is going to knock on everybody's door. When you have more guns than people, this is going to knock on your door."

Davis has taken his fight to the legal system, specifically regarding Stand Your Ground laws, which he feels embolden people to react violently instead of trying to defuse conflict. He's traveled the country pushing for awareness and change to legislation. He's pragmatic about what can be done about the laws (which currently apply in 22 states, including Washington State). "I realize they will never repeal the law," he tells me, "but we hope to amend it. They need to take out the position that you don't have a duty to retreat. I think that as Americans, we all have a duty to retreat if we can do so safely.'

While the verdict in the Michael Dunn trial has been long since read, Ron Davis is still fighting for justice for his son. "When people see this film in this country and around the world," he tells me, "it's going to show them that these victims are not faceless. These victims have families. These victims are cared for. Maybe if you see this, you will think that the person you are thinking of shooting is a person. Think: 'That person has a family. Maybe I can retreat safely.' I hope that this film, in the name of my son Jordan, saves

I am awed by Davis's devotion to his son in the face of such loss and pain. I thank him for his time. Before hanging up, he asks, "How old is your son?"

"Thirteen," I answer.

He laughs. "You've got a teenager? Yeah, I see why you worry, because teenagers are silly. I used to tell my son to be home at 10:30, and you know teenagers, they take that to the last minute. So every time at 10:29, I'd hear his keys in the door."

He pauses for a moment. "You know, it's two and a half years later, and still every night at 10:29 I catch myself looking at the door. Hoping."■

Does Writing About This Movie Make Me Sound Gay?

Dan Savage and David Sedaris Can't Save This Doc

BY CHRISTOPHER FRIZZELLE

wanted to like this movie because Dan Savage and David Sedaris are (briefly) in it and because it's an interesting premise. Why do some gay guys sound so gay when they talk? Is it a biological issue? A class issue? A "raised by women" issue? A self-control issue? Self-hatred? Subtle advertising?

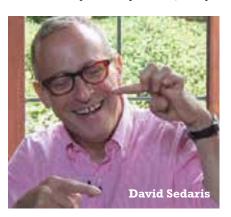
At one point, Sedaris admits, "I'm embarrassed to say this, but sometimes someone will say, 'I didn't know you were

Do I Sound Gay? dir. David Thorpe Northwest Film Forum

gay...' Why does that make me feel good? And I hate myself for thinking that...

I thought I was beyond that. What's the problem if someone assumes I'm gay when I open my mouth? Why do I have a problem with that?"

Filmmaker David Thorpe has gay voice but wishes he had jock voice. He also evidently has quite a Rolodex: Margaret Cho, Tim Gunn, and George Takei are also interviewed. And he's committed to research—visiting several language experts on film. But in spite of all the footage he must be sitting on, we get way too many scenes of Thorpe in his apartment, Thorpe



in his bathroom, Thorpe talking with his friends over dinner, Thorpe talking to himself ("I had a breathing breakthrough this morning"), and not nearly enough from Savage and Sedaris and Cho and Gunn and Takei or the speech therapists.

In the end, this isn't a movie about (the very interesting subject of) why people talk certain ways but how Thorpe feels about the way Thorpe talks. Unless you're close friends with Thorpe, you may not be wildly interested in the journey he's chosen to depict. But there are briefly interesting tidbits throughout, like the part about gay-voiced Disney villains, or Savage calling masculine voices "the lingerie of gayland."■

Ssssspoiler alert

THESTRANGER.COM/FILM



Gemma Bovary

Cinema Dissection

f the Living Dead, and Ago

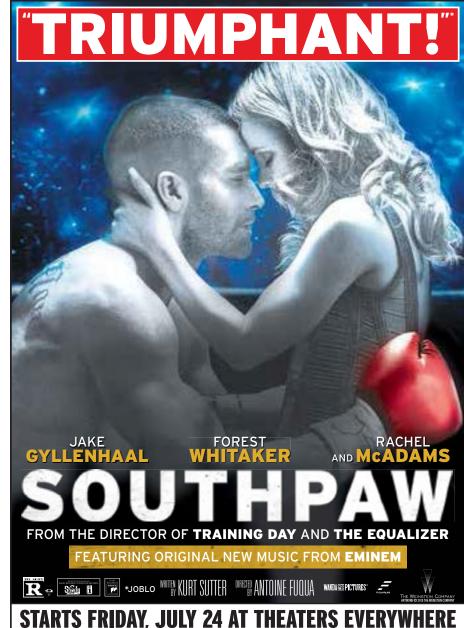
Genera Arterion stars in this sexy and lighthearted re-imagining of Flaubert'



7/31 End of the Tour

Kurt Cobain:

Montage of Heck





CHECK DIRECTORIES FOR SHOWTIMES - NO PASSES ACCEPTED

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FILM SHORTS

More reviews and movie times: thestranger.com/film

LIMITED RUN

* DEMONWARP

This campy Sasquatch-alien-zombie flick (that doesn't have a single demon or satanic anything in it) was made in the ripe old year of 1988. It has all the glorious classic horror elements of its day: horry teenagers, a remote cabin in the woods, and a wise old dude protagonist (played by George Kennedy, who you might remember playing alongside Leslie Nielsen in the *Naked Gun* trilogy). The sters, especially the Sasquatch, look insanely and wildly fake, and the acting, with the exception of Kennedy, is downright terrible. But it's all good-terrible, retro-nostalgic, and super-fun to watch. It's screening in all its analog glory-presented via a VHS tape rented from the excellently weird VHS collection at Scarecrow Video. (KELLY O) Grand Illusion, Sat July 25 at 9 pm.

★ HAGERESEB

Zia Mohajerjasbi, the winner of the 2009 Genius Award for film and the director of a number of Macklemore's music videos, is presenting his first major work, *Hagereseb*. Lyrical, intimate, and filled with the solemn winter light of the Northwest, the 35-minute film is set in 1990s Yesler Terrace and concerns the small world and troubles of an Eritrean American boy. He wants to make music, he needs batteries for a synthesizer, he has cultural and conflicts with his traditional family, and also his izer, he has cultural and generational

neighborhood is a little rough. This small world within a world that was born from the noblest ideas of the New Deal era is now mostly gone (go to Yesler Way and Broadway and see for

yourself). We are now living in a city that has become too expensive for many in the community portrayed in this short film. The end of *Hagereseb* will break your heart with its beauty. (CHARLES MUDEDE) Egyptian, Thurs July 23 at 7 pm

A HARD DAY

This South Korean thriller (does North Korea even make movies?) has as many ups and downs as it does plot twists. It's about a corrupt cop, Gun-soo (Lee Sun-kyun), who, while rushing to his mother's funeral, hits and kills a man by accident. The dead man turns out to be a gangster, and the gangster turns out to be working for another and far more corrupt cop, and so on. When the film works, it's great; when it doesn't work, it's a bit corny. You will certainly love the scene of the cell phone ringing in the casket. Movies were made for moments like that. (CHARLES MUDEDE) Grand Illusion, Fri 6:45, 9 pm, Sat-Sun 4:30, 6:45 pm, Mon 7:30 pm, Tues 9 pm.

* PULP FICTION

In Mark Fisher's Capitalist Realism, this point is made: "One of the easiest ways to grasp the differences between Fordism and post-Fordism is to compare Michael Mann's [Heat] with the gangster movies made by Francis Ford Coppola and Martin Scorsese between 1971 and 1990. In Heat, the scores are undertaken not by Families with links to the Old Country, but by rootless crews, in an LA of polished chrome and interchangeable designer kitchens, of featureless freeways and late-night diners... The ghosts of Old Europe that stalked Scorsese and Coppola's streets have been exorcised, buried with the ancient beefs, bad blood, and burning vendettas somewhere beneath the multinational coffee shops." The same point can also be applied to Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction*, another Clinton-era gangster film. The rootless, post-Fordist criminals are interchangeable, have shallow relationships with associates travel in featureless automobiles on featurefreeways, eat at late-night diners, and live in places that have little or no cultural distinction. The social (and

ven intellectual) wasteland of Pulp Fiction, and one of the most famous terminal points of postmodernism, is, of course, the conversation about "what they call a Quarter Pounder with cheese in France." Also, God, who plays a central role in the Mafia movies, is completely absent in Pulp Fiction. The criminals in Tarantino's world believe nothing. (CHARLES MUDEDE) Central Cinema, Fri-

* SATYAJIT RAY'S APU TRILOGY

installment of the trilogy by the Indian master Satyajit Ray (you should def see all three films) remains in some ways the most affecting, its scrappy, almost amateurish direction only increasing your emotional investment in the young lead. Throughout the series, Apu learns the value and wisdom of others, as well as the folly of caring only for yourself. Road traces the nascent steps of this evolution, as the child Apu realizes that the poverty in which he's raised affects not only him, but his poet father and much-harried mother as well. There are some clumsy nents-both narratively and cinematically-but what do those matter in the face of such glowing, embracing humanism? (BRUCE REID) SIFF Cinema Uptown: Song of the Little Road, Fri-Sun 1:45, 9 pm, Mon 5:30, 8:30 pm; The Unvanquished, Fri-Sun 4:30 pm, Tues 4:30, 6:45, 9 pm; The World of Apu, Fri-Sun 6:45 pm.

* TANGERINE

Good movies can sometimes give off a hum-a feeling that the energy and chemistry on-screen can't be constrained by the edges of the frame

Tangerine, the latest from cowriter/director Sean Baker (Starlet), fits this description and then some, creating a kinetic rush with enough spillover juice to light up LA for a year. While chock-full of innovations both welcome (a story about transgender characters, played by actual transgender performers) and potentially eyestrainingly worrisome (the movie was shot entirely on tricked-out, stabilized iPhones), the main takeaway is just how alive it seems. The story finds friends and street-corner business associates Sin-Dee (Kitana Kiki Rodriguez) and Alexandra (Mya Taylor) reuniting on Christmas Eve after the former returns from a stint behind bars. The pleasant chitchat ends, however, with the accidental revelation that Sin-Dee's boyfriend/pimp has taken up with a cisgender woman. And off Sin-Dee goes, stomping toward the offending "fish" with a hilarious single-mindedness that puts the demon in *It Follows* to shame. As the more levelheaded Alexandra alternates between giving chase and fulfilling her own holiday plans, a lovestruck cab driver (Karren Karagulian) with some very specific tastes gets drawn into the whirlwind. (ANDREW WRIGHT) Egyptian, Fri-Sun 1, 3, 5, 7:15, 9:30 pm, Mon-Tues 3, 5, 7:15, 9:30 pm.

UNEXPECTED

Chicago director Kris Swanberg's third film, her highest profile effort to date, centers on two women confrontng unplanned pregnancies. From the onset, she neatly distinguishes herself from her husband, Joe Swanberg through less reliance on dialogue and more interest in race. Cobie Smulders plays Sam, a science teacher at an inner-city school targeted for closure. It isn't the best time to become pregnant, especially since she and her boyfriend, John (Anders Holm), have never discussed kids, but he takes it well-so well that he proposes, she accepts, and they get married. Film over. No, not really, because then Sam discovers that top student Jasmine (Gail Bean, who works miracles with that expressive face) is also pregnant. Sam will do whatever it takes to make sure Jasmine attends college, but the grown-up has everything the teenager doesn't, including a supportive husband. Refreshingly, Swanberg doesn't punish her for her advantages any more than she pities Jasmine for her disadvantages. *Unexpected* is of a piece with the films of Rvan Fleck (Half Nelson) and Ramin Bahrani (Goodbye Solo) in that she dodges melodrama in favor of realistic concerns given life by the crackling chemistry between her central duo. (KATHY FENNESSY) **Sundance Cinemas**, see thestranger.com/film for showtimes

NOW PLAYING

* AMY

Amy Winehouse died, and we all just watched. If there's one takeaway from the new documentary *Amy*, it's that our consumption of media related to her addiction played an active role in her death. Throughout the film it becomes clear that Winehouse's death was avoidable, but certain

parties always seemed to circumvent her requests for help during a relapse. But the assignment of blame is not this documentary's most important function. The recollections of Winehouse's friends-and the footage of young, prebeehive Amy-are the film's real center. They overshadow any commentary from her ever-creepy ex-husband Blake Fielder-Civil (who admits on camera that he is responsible for her first-time use of both crack cocaine and heroin). ence is necessary, but, in a refreshing change of pace for Winehouse-related stories, their relationship does not take center stage. The clips and pictures of young Winehouse help piece together the sense of loss felt by the people who knew and loved her. Yes, she had enormous talent. But even without the soulful voice, this was a special person. She's owed more than the public perceptions of her sordid demise. (LINDSAY HOOD) Various locations.



DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM??

Guys! I'm on vacation this week, so attempt to enjoy this vintage I Love Television™ column from way back in 2006! —Humpy

Most people can only be successful in one career. Me, I could be a superstar in a myriad of professions—from award-winning chimney sweep, to championship drag racer, to toothbrush manufacturer, to world's sexiest proctologist. HOWEVER! My true talents lie in one of two professions: writing nonsensical tripe in tabloids such as this, and "professional singing." While I'm certainly well known for the former, when it comes to the latter I am repeatedly hounded with the same bewildered advice: "Humpy! You sing like a goddamn ANGEL. Why not share your blessed gift with the WORLD?"

Good question. At any point I could've put down my pen and let the birds in my throat fly-charming the globe with my musical ejaculations. However, had I chosen such a path, how would you know what time Project Runway comes on? EXACTLY. Sometimes the needs of the many outweigh the crushed dreams of me.

On the other hand, screw you. I've waited long enough to travel the road of destiny, which is why the world will soon be exclaiming "WOW!" when I finally share my astounding vocal abilities with those who have been clearly begging for it. And all it will take is one audition for this season's American Idol.

That's right: The auditions for American Idol have officially begun. This means after I pass the audition, go to Hollywood, and hack the competition to bits, it will be ME standing alone onstage, being showered by balloons and confetti, hugged by Ryan Seacrest, and WORSHIPPED by millions of undeserving sycophants! Yay, ME!

What's that? The rules clearly state I must be between 15 and 28?? HORSE HOCKEY! Sure, I may be ever so slightly over 28 years old—but winner Taylor Hicks looks like Jay Leno's grandpappy! Let ME worry about the rules. I'll simply stride up to the front of the line (no waiting overnight for me), wag my finger at the guard, and announce in my most grandiose Shakespearean tone, "Sir! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM??" Naturally, I shall pass unimpeded.

Then, I will walk straight into the audition room, brushing aside Ryan Seacrest ("Sir! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM??"), and stop in front of Simon, Randy, and Paula. "How dare you violate this sacred sanctum... dawg," Randy will cry. To which I will respond, "Sir! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM??" And when they all say, "No, we most certainly do NOT," I shall say, "OH. Umm... okay... Well, you will know me as the winner of American Idol! But for now, let me introduce myself via the gorgeous, haunting tones of my melodious voice!"

Then I will sing Extreme's "More Than Words," Barbra Streisand's "Evergreen," the theme song from Chitty Chitty Bang Bang, or Jay Z's "99 Problems"—depending upon my mood. Their reaction? Well, what do YOU think? And even though I will obviously win the whole shebang, you should still follow your pipe dream and enter American Idol. (After all, somebody's gotta come in second!) ■

 $Read\ Humpy$'s weekly TV listings at



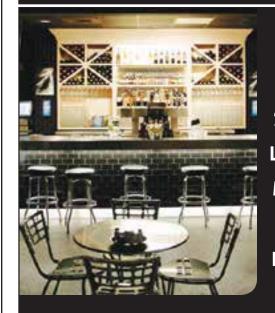








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★ ANT-MAN

ssly charming Paul Rudd plays Scott Lang-a former thief trying to go straight. However, after being tricked into stealing a super-powered outfit from brilliant scientist Hank Pym (Michael Douglas), he's convinced to don the suit, become Ant-Man, and defeat a villain who's stolen the shrinking technology. *Ant-Man* is a tiny story for a tiny hero-as opposed to the *Avengers* franchise. Perhaps sensing their audience was growing weary and overwhelmed with Marvel's ever-expanding universe, the creators realized it was time for a smaller, character-driven film... and *Ant-Man* fits the bill. Rudd may not be anyone's definition of a hero, but he's great at playing characters the audience can root for. And with Douglas supplying the dramatic backbone, along with a strong comedic supporting cast, *Ant-Man* has provided Marvel with something they haven't really pulled off since the first *Iron Man*–a story you actually care about. While the first and second acts aren't as engaging as I'd like and the female characters are woefully underdeveloped (surprise!), when the final blockbuster battle materializes (in miniature), Ant-Man turns into a smart, knowing parody of all the overblown superheroics that have preceded it. It's a display of self-awareness from Marvel that frankly, after all this time, is a relief. (WM. STEVEN HUMPHREY) Various locations.

INSIDE OUT

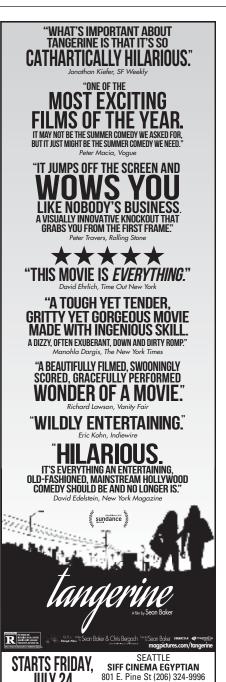
Eleven-year-old Riley (voiced by Kaitlyn Dias) has experienced a seemingly perfect childhood... until her father is forced to uproot the family and move them to San Francisco. The little characters controlling Riley's emotions from inside her head are voiced by a laundry list of tions from inside her head are voiced by a laundry list of comedians: Amy Poehler represents Joy, a perky sprite who spins every potentially bad memory into something positive, while Phyllis Smith is Sadness, who's basically a genetic mutation of Debbie Downer and Velma from Scooby-Doo. The remaining emotions include Mindy Kaling as the sarcastically vain Disgust, Bill Hader as the jittery Fear, and comedian Lewis Black basically playing himself as the hotheaded Anger. *Inside Out* contains some of the smartest one-liners you'll hear all year. But at its heart, the movie is a poignant look at that tender moment in time when a child makes the difficult transition into pubescence-when they first discover that uncomfortable juncture between happiness and sadness, which adults call "bittersweet." (WM. STEVEN HUMPHREY) Various locations.

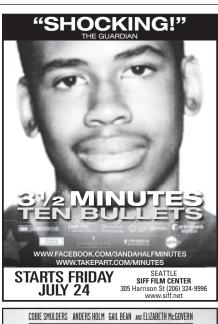
★ MR. HOLMES
Bill Condon and Ian McKellen, who collaborated on the Oscar-winning Gods and Monsters, make such a good team that it's almost possible to overlook the director's desultory entries in the *Twilight* series. In this affecting three-hander, which draws from Mitch Cullin's 2005 novel A Slight Trick of the Mind, McKellen plays Sherlock Holmes as a 93-year-old retiree working on his memoir,

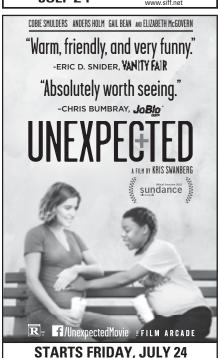
struggling with memory loss, reliving two troubling cases, and mentoring an impressionable boy named Roger (Milo Parker, a fine foil). There are also intriguing bits of business concerning bees, wasps, and the restorative bark of the prickly ash. If the idea of a Holmes narrative penned by anyone other than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gives purists pause. Cullin and Condon have done their homework, and Mr. Holmes expands on Doyle's work rather than trying to correct or update it for 21st-century sensibilities. The relationship that develops between Sherlock and Roger reflects, in ways both positive and negative, the brilliant detective's previous dealings with his partner Watson, his nemesis Moriarty, and his enigmatic brother Mycroft. Laura Linney, as Roger's housekeeper mother, calls Sherlock on his bullshit. If Linney's Irish accent is wobbly, her percentive character exposes the flaws in his win-strallperceptive character exposes the flaws in his win-at-allcosts attitude. (KATHY FENNESSY) Various locations.

There's nothing to admire about Hollywood's current relentless flogging of "nerd culture"; it's a straightforward lunch-money shakedown. Nerds are the original brand ambassadors, quick to define themselves by the stuff they buy. The basic conceit of *Pixels*, lifted from an enjoyable 2010 short film by Patrick Jean, is that aliens are attacking the planet using tactics learned from old-school arcade games. Enter Adam Sandler, Kevin James, Peter Dinklage, and Josh Gad–a cliché '80s kid misfit squad, now all grown up and ready to save the world. It's classic childhood wish fulfillment: Someday they're gonna be sorry. Or, even sadder: Someday the thing I loved as a kid will be important again. Our Nerd Squad is another gang of schlubby, entitled again. Our Nerd Squad is another gang of schiulby, entitled white dudes with strong opinions about women's bodies (sigh). *Pixels* has a few good gags and a lot of lame ones: The action sequences are mercifully lighthearted, and watching Pac-Man chomp his way through the streets of New York is pretty fun. It also feels about 900 hours long. Now give us all your money. (ALISON HALLETT) Various locations.

This is an intelligent, hilarious comedy that subverts the conventions of rom-coms even as it delivers both rom and com. Amy Schumer plays a writer for a ghastly, three-notches-below-*Maxim* men's magazine, who lives a shallow, hedonistic life, drinking and fucking everything and everyone she wants to while avoiding the complica-tion of deeper involvement. Then she meets a guy (Bill Hader) who is good, smart, nice, rich, substantial, and yet oddly fuckable who wants to settle down with her, and... you don't need the Hubble telescope to see where this is going. But by inverting the gender roles, *Trainwreck* weirdly breathes life into the genre trappings it comments on. It's not simply that Schumer's character has the typical attributes of a dude-it's that the way the film enacts them makes you aware of how these films are typically built. (SEAN NELSON) **Various locations.**







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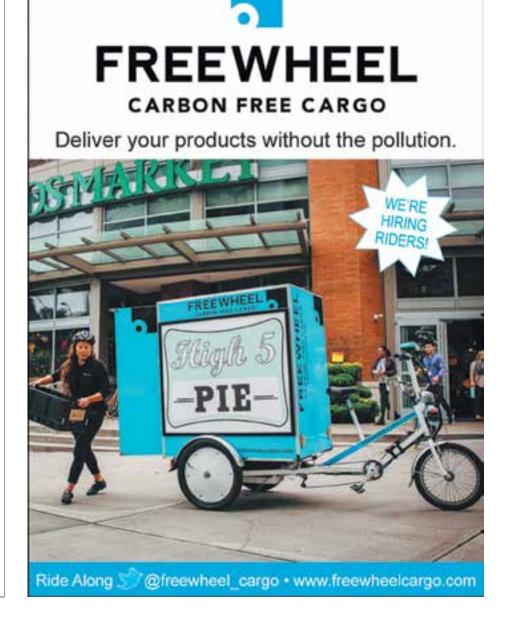
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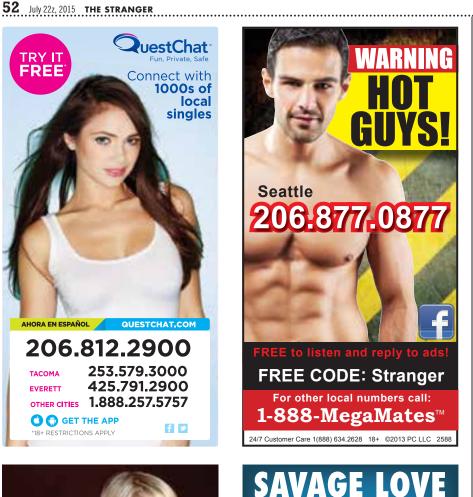
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You: short hair, blue eyes, seat belt buckle bag. Rocking at the front of the stage. Knew all the songs Me: right by you, glasses,rocking too but distracted by you. Regretting not getting a chance to meet. Coffee/ sometime? When: Sunday, July 19, 2015. Where: the neptune. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921190

LATE NIGHT GROCERIES

. You wanted a larger quart of whipping cream. I tried and failed. You long curly hair and stunning. Me pierced and tattooed freak. Let me get you a basket next time! You're adorable! Come visit again! When: Saturday, July 18, 2015. Where: Ballard QFC. You: Woman. Me: Woman, #921189

CUTEST TWOSTEP EVER

CLUB SUR You were that fun-sized bite of silky smooth chocolate with pop rocks inside, in knee high soccer socks, little black shorts, belly tight, arms in flight, sights set on me, lazily... a tall blond surfer too amazed to be talking When: Friday, July 17, 2015. Where: Club Sur Cruise Control Deep Bass EDM Show. \\
Woman. Me: Man. #921188

SAFEWAY, MADISON AVE. CAPITOL HILL

You wore a black american-flag and eagle shirt. Brownish hair. We made eye contact as we passed in an isle. Again during self checkout. You finished checking and vanished. I tried chasing you down. I carried a White motorcycle helmet. When: Sunday, July 12, 2015. Where: Safeway on Madison Ave Capitol Hillish. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921187

PIPF-ING HOT AT VOLUNTEER PARK

'As You Like It,' Volunteer Park, last Sunday. Smoking a crazy Sherlock Holmes pipe. You laughed at all the right parts. You put on a sexy leather jacket when it got chilly. Who are you? Help me solve the mystery. When: Sunday, July 12, 2015. Where: Volunteer Park. You: Man. Me: Woman, #921186

REDWEST A AND PINE STREET

You: 5'4", wavy hair, works on first floor of Redwest A. Me: Worked on 2nd floor, but no longer. We made eye contact on Pine St on Friday July 17th. Would love the chance to get to know you. When: Friday, July 17, 2015. Where: Pine Street. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921185

LAUNDRY EVENING OF THE 15TH

You and I had fun chatting about tissue-paper clothes, etc. My friend said she thought you were flirting with me, I said you were just being nice. Did I misread it? If not, I apologize if I seem the goon When: Wednesday, July 15, 2015. Where: Laundry. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921184

OUTSIDE PATAGONIA

I was standing on the sidewalk after leaving Patagonia. You were walking briskly into Patagonia. Thought you turned back to look at me. I smiled. Thought you were cute. When: Tuesday, July 14, 2015. Where: Outside Patagonia. You: Man. Me: Transsexual (female to male). #921183

HOBBY LOBBY EVERETT
I was looking for items secretly decorate coworker's office, your name:
Sara(h) enjoys decorating your house seasonally, who helped me find the perfect item! i got everything i needed except for your phone number! Let's get some coffee & decorate!! When: Monday, July 13, 2015. Where: Hobby Lobby Woman. Me: Man. #921182

HOLE IN ONE VICTORY

You got a hole in one on Amazeballs.

I gave you a token and you stayed around chatting with me. Come back again soon. Maybe you'll swing my way this time. When: Friday, July 10, 2015. Where: Smash Putt. You: Woman. Me: Woman. #921181

MS VS. ANGELS SECTION 316

dark haired girl with glasses You: dark haired girl with glasses. Me: dark haired man in a black denim jacket with a misfits patch. You were with your mom and my friends were not helping. Finde at Green Lake Village PCC. When: Saturday, July 11, 2015. Where: Safeco Field Your Woman Me. Man. Field. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921179

MICHELLE YOU GORGEOUS GREENLAKE REDHEAD

You and your friend wanked over to meet my pup. Your beauthy has been lingering in my mind ever since.

Walk the lake some time? When:

Wednesday, July 8, 2015.

Where: Greenlake. You: Woman.

CUTE REDHEAD WITH ROBOT

LUNCHBOX
Your cute green dress and polka dot blouse caught my attention. Wanted to say something but didn't. You got off at the university. Coffee? When: Wednesday, July 8, 2015. Where: on the 72 bus. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921175 You:

FRONT ROW - TRANS AM

You. Tall, smiling, wearing white, rocking out. Have a feeling amazing taste in music isn't even your most attractive trait. Me. Bearded, also smiling, derby hat & olive green, also rocking out. Broke gaze on band to admire you're glow~ When: Tuesday, July 7, 2015. Where: Crocodile. You: Woman, Me: Man, #921174

I STILL THINK ABOUT YOU

We met at the Boeing Family day,in Everett on 08/23/09 at the East72 gate.I was working.You were an Asian lady and i was too shy.I would love to be your friend and hopefully you will feel the same. When: Monday, August 23, 2010. Where: at the east #72 gate. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921173

PETE FROM CZECH!

Pete, we stayed together at Roy St. for a little while. My name is Manda. I lost your contact info and I'm wor-ried about you! Please contact me as soon as you see this! When: Wednesday, May 1, 2013. Where: Near Space Neer Man. Me: Woman. #921172

ASHLEY CATCHING BUS ON EASTLAKEAVEE

EASTLAKEAVEE
You're Ashley and you live in Cap.
Hill. Mine is Chris. You asked me for
a cigarette. We had fun conversation.
You said I helped pass the time really
well. You almost missed your bus...
Wish you had. Find me. When:
Wednesday, July 1, 2015.
Where: Bus stop at Mercer and
Eastlake Ave E. You: Woman.
Me. Man. #291171 Me: Man. #921171

YOU. DENNY-BLAINE-BEACH.

ME, ROSì©.

You: yoga-bod at Denny-Blaine-Beach. Me, drinking rosì© from the bottle w/friend. You offered cups. Me, too stupid to realize you were flirting. What colour were the cups and when are you going to find me and when are you going to find me and take me out? x When: Sunday, July 5, 2015. Where: Denny Blaine Beach. You: Woman. Me: Woman, #921170

MEGAN. GREEN LAKE CHOCOLATI 7/4

CHOCOLATI 7/4
You: Megan from 80th. Bought my chai & introduced yourself. I: Maura from 73rd. Leggings with Pride flag pattern on the front, stars & stripes on the back. I left, flustered, too soon. When: Noon. Can I buy *you* something? When: Saturday, July 4, 2015. Where: Green Lake Chocolati. You: Woman. Me: Woman. #921169 Woman, #921169

WATERMELON HELMET PRIESTESS

biked alongside you chatting. Thought you were a friend, turns out you were just a beautiful kind watermelon crowned person. Only after I rode off did I think of asking for rode off did I think of asking for your number. Is it too late? When: Wednesday, July 1, 2015. Where: 12th ave and east cherry st. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921168

MAZDA3 125TH AND

GREENWOOD You driving a light colored Mazda3, wearing a white blouse. Son in the back seat. You both looked at me and smiled, made my evening! Meet for more smiles for drinks/coffee? We stopped at 125th going south on Greenwood. **When: Wednesday**, on Greenwood. Where: Wednesday,
July 1, 2015. Where: Driving
South on Greenwood Ave N. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921167

REDHEAD ON THE 545

I see you pretty often lately, we both take the 545, you catch me looking, I act like I'm not. Rinse, Wash, Repeat You sat down across from me today when there were tons of open seats, made my day. When: Wednesday, July 1, 2015. Where: 545 Bus. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921166

WEDGWOOD BROILER MONDAY 6/29

You: eating alone across from two loud, giggly girls/chicks/broads. You were a distraction and I apologize if the times you caught me glanning at you was uber-creepy. It couldn't be helped....you're a very handsome man. That is all. Carry on. When: Monday, June 29, 2015. Where: Wedgwood Broiler. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921165

ELI MOM AT 100 TATTOO

Eli. It's Genessa. We met at Pride and talked about job possibilities. You texted me and I somehow deleted your number. Please text me again. I want to help. I keep thinking about you! Happy liberation my friend! When: Sunday, June 28, 2015. Where: PrideFest Main Stage Beer Garden. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921164

WESTCREST DOG PARK

SUNDAY 6/28
You were with 3 dogs and wearing a smile and a lovely, flowing sundress that left me wanting more of both. Me with 2 german shepherds. Let's meet again sometime and see for our animals can play nice? Whenif our animals can play nice? When: Monday, June 29, 2015. Where: Westcrest Dog Park. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921162

Piper at Green Lake PCC, damn you're gorgeous, with a smile that resonates long after you've given it... Let's have a conversation sometime When: Saturday, June 20, 2015. Where: Green Lake P.C.C. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921161

ONE EYED PURPLE PEOPLE EATER

EATER
Took pix of you at Solstice. Would love
to show them to you. I was on a fold
up bike with helmet. I wasn't trying
to be lewd... your smile was amazing,
your outlook wasincredible. Dinner
is on me. When: Saturday, June
20, 2015. Where: Gas Works
Park. You: Woman. Me: Man.
#921160

19TH AND THOMAS BUS

STOPDear M, My first 'I Saw U' ad. Kind of embarrassing. My heart was beating faster this morning when I saw you again. Why? Many possible reasons... want to explore? I love mysteries And I love uncovering things When: Thursday, June 25, 2015. Where: 19th and Thomas bus stop. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921158

BAKERY BAR STOOLS

I've run the numbers- it seems we could have had two chairs each and arm-wrestled for the fifth. in Madison Park and get to the French bakery for coffee? We just please must be pals. Neighborly, Wi-Fi aficion When: Thursday, June 25, 2015. Where: Belle Epicurean Man. Me: Woman. #921157

REACHING MY LIMIT

You work at the math study center at UW. Your tattoo is hot. I like how you use pencils with no erasers and scrape the metal against the paper. Come sit next to me some more. When: Wednesday, June 24, 2015. Where: UW Math Center. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921156

ON THE 550

ON THE 33U
You: Gingery-blonde, green socks. Me:
Bearded, purple plaid. You loaded
your bike at Westlake. You said hello
to a woman you know then pet her
small dog. We exchanged a few smiles before I de-boarded at International Station. You're adorable. When: Wednesday, June 24, 2015. Where: 550 Bus at Westlake. You: Man. Me: Man. #921155

HADDI AT FREMONT SOLSTICE

SOLSTICE
You and your friend were at Fremont
Brewing and I was holding my
dog. You helped me give her water.
I saw you again at Gasworks and
we chatted while your friend's phone
charged. I'd love to see you again!
When: Saturday, June 20, 2015.
Where: Fremont Brewing and
Gasworks. You: Woman. Me:
Man. #921154

ROCKCREEK ON JUNE 22

You were having dinner with what looked like your brother and you dad. I was with friends. Could not stop lookras with Hieros. Could not stop looking at you. When: Monday, June 22, 2015. Where: Rockcreek. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921153

FREMONT FAIR DANCING

PUSA
We were dancing at the Presidents of
the United States of America show at
the Fremont Fair on June 20th. You
came up beside me to dance and it
was hot and I'd like to dance with you
again When: Saturday, June 20. again. When: Saturday, June 20, 2015. Where: Fremont Fair. You: Man. Me: Man. #921152



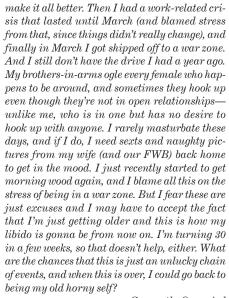


SAVAGE LOVE

Soft Service by dan savage

My wife and I have been together for more than 10 years, practicing some kind of nonmonogamy for more than seven. We tried different things—open, dating others, FWBs—but after a bi threesome with another guy a year ago, we knew that was our thing. For a while, everything

was great, but roughly a month after that defining threesome, I came down with a bad case of mono. In a couple of months, we resumed our bi sexdates with our FWB, and I noticed I had a hard time getting horny and even had a hard time getting (and staying) hard. More foreplay was needed and fewer distractions were acceptable. I even resorted to pharmaceutical help. We assumed I was still recovering and that diet and exercise would



 ${\it Currently\ Occupied} \\ {\it Mostly\ By\ Arms\ Though}$

I asked a doctor—Dr. Barak Gaster, a physician at the University of Washington and a regular (if sometimes mortified) guest expert around here—if mono could damage and/or diminish a guy's libido, his ability to stay hard, and his masturbatory routine for nearly a year.

"Mono is a viral illness for which there is no real treatment other than the tincture of time," said Dr. Gaster. "Mono is a pretty insidious illness in that it typically causes really severe fatigue, which can linger for a long time. Other common symptoms are muscle and joint aches."

Could fatigue and aches still be affecting mood and interest in sex? "They could," said Dr. Gaster. "It would not be typical, but they could. The duration of mono symptoms is typically around three months, but they can persist to some degree for one to two years in more severe cases. None of the effects of mono are typically considered 'permanent.' So it would be important to reassure someone that the effects of mono that are still present after 12 to 18 months could still likely resolve as more time passes."

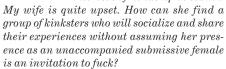
You came down with mono less than a year ago, COMBAT, so you're still in that one-to-two-year symptoms-could-persist window. You also dealt with a work-related crisis before being shipped off to a combat zone—that sounds extremely stressful, and not everyone reacts to stress the same way. The stress of being in a combat zone could make the guys around you horny while having the opposite effect on you.

Be reassured, like the doctor said, that things—your dick included—will most likely right themselves in another 6 to 12 months. The fact that morning wood is returning seems like a good sign, as is the effect a few dirty texts from the woman (and FWB) waiting for you back home has on your dick.

Come home safe—and props to you and your wife for continuing to grow together sexually. That's probably why you're still together, and still in love, despite having married so young.

My wife is a submissive. I'm not a natural Dom, but I've become more comfortable assuming the role. Recently, she stopped hormonal birth control, and her sex drive and interest in capital-S Submission kicked into high gear. She joined FetLife and went to her

first munch a couple of weeks ago. She's not shopping for a Dom. She's looking to socialize, discuss this part of herself, and not feel like such a freak. She thought she hit it off with a few folks but now realizes she may have been sending mixed signals. The munch was advertised as casual, but she says most left that night with a hookup or play plans. One man in particular seems to read her interest in friendship as sexual.



 ${\it Married, Optimally Nookied,} \\ {\it Only Need Advice}$

The people your wife met at that munch are kinksters, MONONA, not psychics. If she's not interested in playing with anyone other than her spouse—if she has a hot Dom at home and is there only to make kinky friends—all she has to do is say so. Munches are informal meetups where kinky people, from nervous novices to wizened pros, get together without the pressures or expectations of a play party. Your wife's presence at a munch is not an invitation to fuck, of course, but someone who respectfully expresses an interest in playing isn't guilty of bending Emily Post over a bondage bench with the intent to fuck her ass. Most people who go to munches are open to play, MONONA, but those who aren't are welcome. Your wife just needs to let her new friends know she's interested only in socializing. You could help her send that unambiguous, non-mixed signal by accompanying her to the next munch.

I'm a 24-year-old heterosexual female. I discovered that my boyfriend still had an online dating profile up and was checking it reqularly. We had a calm discussion about it, and he assured me that he just found the messages he got flattering and offered to take it down. I told him if that's all he was doing, then there was no reason he couldn't have those ego boosts $and\ a\ monogamous\ relationship\ with\ me,\ too.$ Had I not been such an avid reader of your column, Dan, that discussion would've gone very differently. And, really, it's not like he was going to forget that other women existed—nor would I want him to. Though I may look back on this and cringe, right now we're in a great place. We have fun and are sexually compatible and have really excellent conversations. Thank you!

His Answer Perfectly Plausible, Yes?

I enjoy letters like HAPPY's because it's nice to be reminded that not everyone is cheating or being cheated on, miserably single and looking to get into a relationship or trapped in a miserable couple and looking to get out, kinky and stuck with a vanilla partner or vanilla and stuck with a kinky one. Some people are doing just fine. And yes, HAPPY, I do think your boy-friend's answer is perfectly plausible—some people are on dating apps for the ego boosts alone (they're called "time wasters")—and here's hoping it's totally truthful as well. ■

On the Love cast, Dan speaks with author Joan Price about sex for the senior set: savagelove cast.com.

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-Customer 6-mail, 3/30/34

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'John O'Donnell: Cereal Cave' ART Through Aug 2, Glass Box Gallery (831 Seattle Blvd S)

Cereal sculptures! This exhibition of sculptures, video, and prints focuses on "nostalgia, failure, fantasy, and ideas surrounding the construction of mystery." Whatever that means! Cereal sculptures! (But seriously, this guy makes some wonderfully weird pieces that skew toward the colorful and discombobulated.)

Nearby snack: In the food-court area of Uwajimaya (600 Fifth Ave S), you will find Beard Papa's—the BEST place to get cream puffs. They also serve 420-friendly fare like the cheesecake bar and the mango ice shower (condensed milk and mango nectar over shaved ice and mango chunks).

'Outdoor Trek'

THEATER Through Aug 9, Blanche Lavizzo Park (E Yesler Way and 22nd Ave S)

YES. Here we have an opportunity to see an outdoor play based on the "Amok Time" episode of Star Trek. Basically, Spock starts acting irrationally and must return to the planet Vulcan for a brutal mating ritual. Like salmon, during certain periods in their lives, Vulcan men must mate or die trying. But like, who wouldn't mate with Spock? Set phasers to STUNNING, amiright? Whoooeee. Er, anyway, this is a great idea for an outdoor play. I'd maybe even do an edible for this. Oh, and there's a preshow going down one hour before!

Nearby snack: Moonlight Cafe (1919 S Jackson St) has two menus: one vegan, one meat. I don't fux with the meat, but even my carnivorous pals swear by the veg menu. The sesame "beef" is your best introductory dish.

Block Party Alternatives

MUSIC July 24–26, Various locations

If you spent your summer allowance on that elaborate vaporizer (worth it) and can't afford a CHBP ticket (sheeeeeeiit), you still have options! From the Unicorn's Cock Block Party (Friday through Sunday) to Music Under the Stars in Freeway Park (Friday), I've laid out some free or cheap, elaborate-vaporizer-approved shows to hit this weekend on page 31. Hit. Get it?

Nearby snack: I'm desperately, hopelessly in love with Starburst sorbet bars. They're perfect squares that taste like frozen strawberry clouds on a stick. Available at most gas stations and other places with freezers.

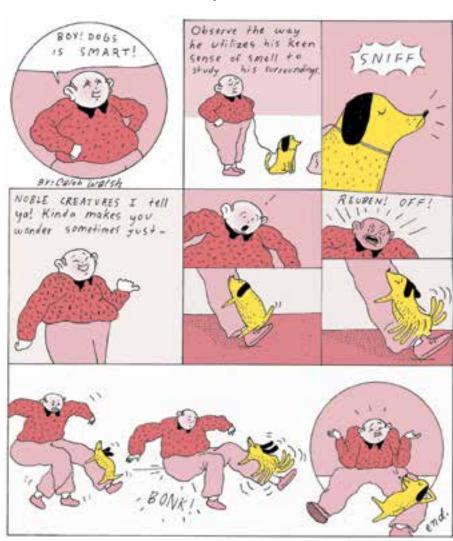
Outdoor Movies

SUMMER Through Aug 29, Various locations

Outdoor movies and marijuana go together like melted chocolate on a Hot Pocket (sweet 'n' savory is so IN)! This week. see Predator (7/24) and/or Monty Python and the Holy Grail (7/25) at Fremont Outdoor Cinema, Big Hero 6 (7/23) at Magnuson Park, The Goonies (7/25) at Seattle Center Movies at the Mural, Singles (7/25) at West Seattle Outdoor Movies, Speed and Drive (7/26) at the King's Hardware patio, or, obviously, Dazed and Confused (7/23) at Moonlight Cinema at Redhook Brewery.

Nearby snack: Many of these movies include food trucks and other snack ops, but it's my duty to inform you that Taco Bell has a new menu item: Cap'n Crunch Delights (Cap'n Crunch cereal-coated doughnut bites with gooey icing filling). I love that Taco Bell doesn't even pretend like their demographic is anything but 100 percent stoned people. ■

CHORTLES | BY CALEB WALSH



FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of July 22

ARIES (March 21-April 19): The Latin motto "Carpe diem" shouldn't be translated as "Seize the day!" says author Nicholson Baker. It's not a battle cry exhorting you to "freaking grab the day in your fist like a burger at a fair-ground and take a big chomping bite out of it." The proper translation, ac-cording to Baker, is "Pluck the day." In other words, "you should gently pull on the day's stem, as if it were a wildflower, holding it with all the practiced care of your thumb and the side of your finger, which knows how to not crush easily crushed things—so that the day's stem undergoes increasing tension and draws to a tightness, and then snaps softly away at its weakest point, and the flower is released in your hand." Keep that in mind, Aries. I understand you are often tempted to seize rather than pluck-but these days, plucking is the preferable approach.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20): When I talk about "The Greatest Story Never Told," I'm not referring to the documentary film about singer Lana Del Rey or the debut album of the rap artist Saigon or any other cultural artifact. I am. instead. refer ring to a part of your past that you have never owned and understood... a phase from the old days that you have partially suppressed... an intense set of memories you have not fully integrated. I say it's time for you to deal with this shadow of your hero's journey.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): The ancient Greek philosopher Thales is credited as being one of the earliest mathematicians and scientists. He was a deep thinker whose thirst for knowledge was hard to quench. Funny story: Once he went out at night for a walk. Gazing intently up at at high too a walk. Gazing intentity up the sky, he contemplated the mysteries of the stars. Oops! He didn't watch where he was going and fell down into a well. He was okay but embarrassed. Let's make him your anti-role model, Gemini. I would love to encourage you to unleash your lust to be informed, educated, and inspired—but only if you watch where you're going.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): Charles Darwin is best known for his book The Origin of Species, which contains his Origin or Species, which contains his seminal ideas about evolutionary biology. But while he was still alive, his best seller was The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms. The painstaking result of more than 40 years' worth of research, it is a tribute to the noble earthworm and that creature's crucial role in the health of soil and plants. It provides a different angle on one of Darwin's central concerns: how small, incremental transformations that take place over extended periods of time can have monu-mental effects. This also happens to be one of your key themes in the coming months.

LEO (July 23–Aug 22): A researcher at the University of Amsterdam developed software to read the emotions on faces. He used it to analyze the expression of the woman in Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting Mona Lisa. The results suggest that she is 83 percent happy, 9 percent dis-gusted, 6 percent fearful, and 2 percent angry. Whether or not this assessment is accurate, I appreciate its implication that we humans are rarely filled with a single pure emotion. We often feel a variety of states simultaneously. In this spirit, I have calculated your mix for the coming days: 16 percent relieved, 18 percent innocent, 12 percent confused, 22 percent liberated, 23 percent ambitious, and 9 percent im

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22): "What makes you heroic?" asked philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche. Here's how he answered himself: "Simultaneously going out to meet your highest suffering and your highest This is an excellent way to sum up the test that would inspire you most in the coming weeks, Virgo. Are you up for the challenge? If so, grapple with your deepest pain. Make a fierce effort to both heal it and be motivated by it. At the same time, identify your brightest hope and take a decisive step toward fulfilling it.

LIBRA (Sept 23–Oct 22): Actress and mu sician Carrie Brownstein was born with five planets in Libra. Those who aren't conversant with astrology's mysteries may conclude that she is a connoisseur of elegance and harmony. Even profes-sional stargazers who know how tricky it is to make generalizations might speculate that she is skilled at cultivating balance, attuned to the needs of others, excited by beauty, and adaptive to life's cease-less change. So what are we to make of the fact that Brownstein has said, "I really don't know what to do when my life is not chaotic"? Here's what I suspect: In her ongoing exertions to thrive on chaos, she is learning how to be a connoisseur of elegance and harmony as she masters the intricacies of being balanced, sensitive to others, thrilled by beauty, and adaptive to change. This is important for you to hear

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): You're entering a volatile phase of your cycle. In the coming weeks, you could become a your animal intelligence as you make everything you touch more interesting and soulful. I am, of course, rooting for the latter outcome. Here's a secret about how to ensure it: Be as ambitious to gain power over your own darkness as you are to gain power over what happens on your turf.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): I'm a big fan of the attitude summed up by the command "Be here now!" The world would be more like a sanctuary and less like a battleground if people focused more on the present moment rather than on memories of the past and fantasies of the future. But in accordance with the astrie future. But in accordance with the as-trological omens, you are hereby granted a temporary exemption from the "Be here now!" approach. You have a poetic license to dream and scheme profusely about what you want your life to be like in the future. Your word of power is tomorrow.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22–Jan 19): A philanthropist offered \$100,000 to the Girls Scouts chapter of Western Washington. But there were strings attached: The donor specified that the money couldn't be used to support transgender girls. The Girl Scouts rejected the gift, declaring their intention to empower every girl "regardless of her gender identity, socioeconomic status, race, ethnicity, or sexual orientation." Do you have that much spunk Capricorn? Would you turn down aid that would infringe on your integrity? You may be tested soon. Here's what I suspect: If you are faithful to your deepest values, even if that has a cost, you will ultimately attract an equal blessing that doesn't require you to sell out. (P.S. The Girls Scouts subsequently launched an Indiegogo car paign that raised more than \$300,000.)

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): Consider the possibility of opening your mind, at least briefly, to provocative influences you have closed yourself off from. You may need to refamiliarize yourself with potential resources you have been resisting or ignoring, even if they are problematic. I'm not saying you should blithely welcome them in. There still may be good reasons to keep your distance. But I think it would be wise and healthy for you to update your relationship with them.

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): More than 10,000 species of mushrooms grow in North America. About 125 of those, or 1.25 percent, are tasty and safe to eat. All the others are unappetizing or poisonous, or else their edibility is in question. By my reckoning, a similar statistical breakdown should apply to the influences that are floating your way. I advise you to focus intently on those very few that you know for a fact are pleasurable and vitalizing Make yourself unavailable for the rest.

Homework: Write a fairy tale or parable that captures what your life has been like so far in 2015. Share it with me at freewill

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